LOVE will finde out the Way.

An Excellent

COMEDY.

By *T. B.*

As it was Acted with great Applauſe, by Her Majeſties Servants, at the Phœnix in *Drury Lane.*

LONDON:
Printed by *Ja: Cottrel*, for *Samuel Speed*, at the Signe of the Printing-Preſs in St. *Paul's* Church-yard. 1661.

Actors Names.

Hartwel, *a decay'd Gentleman, lover of Mrs. Frances.*
Playfayre, *Hartwel's kinſman and friend, lover of Hornet's Neece.*
Lambert, *another of Hartwel's friends, counterfeit King.*
Three or four counterfeit Lords of Poland.
Poldavis, *Maſter of the Horſe.*
Hornet, *a great Uſurer, ſuitor to Mrs. Belamie.*
Doctor of Phyſick to Hornet's Neece.
Startup, *a clowniſh Gentleman, Hartwell's rival to Mrs. Frances.*
Another Country-Gentleman, *his Neighbour.*
Cloſe, *an old truſtie Servant to Hartwel.*
Three more Servants caſhier'd.
Juſtice of Peace.
Purſevant. Officers.
Conſtable and Watch.

WOMEN.

Mrs. Belamie, *a rich Widow.*
Mrs. Frances, *her daughter, Hartwell's Miſtreſs.*
Hornet's Neece, *Playfayres Miſtreſs.*
Nurſe.

Love

Love will finde out the Way.

Actus Primus.

Enter Hartwel and Servants.

Hart. NAy let's not part so heavilie.

Close. For my own part, it does not trouble me (so much,
That you have broke up house.

1 *Ser.* And yet that sticks in my stomack: For hospitality went out of fashion, with crop-doublets and cod-pieces.

Close. But I have worne out so many liveries, under your worshpful father.

Hart. My father had an office which brought in
A fair Revenew; I inherit but
His little land, whose annual profits will not
Encourage me to live at the same hight:
You may meet better fortunes; there's enough
Preferment in the world: my love and best
Assistance promise to your selves.

Close. I do not stand upon wages, sir, I wont leave you.

Hart. Not leave me? how wilt thou live?

Close. Live? as other mortals do: yet I wont play the thief, that's a course may be taken, by which a man may ascend the ladder of preferment; but I never lov'd to climb trees: I must confess I cannot cheat; I have heard there's a devilish deal of knowledge in the dice, and if men wont lend mony, they'll fetch it out o'th' bones: but it's best casting in a Tavern, when the reckoning and the wine come up together. Some men have

a trick to ſpin out a living by't: there be many ſecret ways for Servingmen to live: alas 'tis not wages that does maintain all our tribe; eſpecially thoſe that have Miſtreſſes.

Hart. But I am a batchelour.

Cloſe. I pray let me be one of your buttons ſtill then; I am not half worne out; ye know what mould I am made of: I ever did you honeſt ſervice: and though the reſt of my fellow-vermine can leave your falling houſe, I do not fear the rafters: By this hand I will wait upon you, though as ſome great mens ſervants, I live upon nothing but the air of commendation.

Hart. Well, ſince y'are ſo reſolute, ſtill attend me; the reſt I here diſcharge: there's ſomewhat more, not worth the
Name of bounty; I will all
A happier entertainment.

2 *Ser.* Heaven bleſs you, ſir, and there be no remedy.

1 *Ser.* Farewell *Cloſe.*

Cloſe. Pray give me leave to wet my lips with my old fellows; ſorrow makes a dry proverb; I muſt to a Tavern, and condole a quart with 'em.

Hart. Meet me at Miſtreſs *Bellamy*'s.——— *Exit Hart.*

Cloſe. I ſhall, ſir.

Enter Playfaire.

Play. How now, my Maſters?

Cloſe. You do not ſpeak to me, ſir? I am a ſervant ſtill: indeed, the caſe is alter'd with them; they are Maſters for want of a ſervice.

1 *Ser.* Oh Maſter *Playfaire!*

2 *Ser.* It is not now as when *Andrea* liv'd.

3 *Ser.* This place was made for pleaſure, not for dearth.

1 *Ser.* There was a time, when Mortals whetted knives.

Play. What's the matter?

2 *Ser.* In time of yore, when men kill'd brutiſh beaſts.

3 *Ser.* Oh cruel butcher, whoſoere thou wert!

Cloſe. Do you not know what all this ſignifies?

Play Not I.

Cloſe. My Maſter has given over houſe-keeping.

2 *Ser.* Burglary, ſir, burglary; our young Maſter has broke up the Celler, and thrown the Kitchen out of the Hall-window.

Cloſe. Nay, he has thrown the houſe out at window; it has a ſuperſcription already; and is directed to his next loving friend, that will pay the rent. You'll hardly know me, I have no fellow.

Play.

Play. Y'are very merry.

Close. He has casheer'd a company.

3 *Ser.* And taken our good names from us.

Play. I know his nature is more noble; thou wert his groom.

3 *Ser.* Right, and now I am turn'd off, that good name is taken away; nay I am not company for his horse.

Close. Grass and Hay, we are all mortal.

2 *Ser.* We may see what it is to be prick'd with provender; now we must bite o'th' bridle for't; all discharg'd.

Play. Certain?

Close. Yes, certain of us are; for my Master only belongs to me: if you would speak with him, you may overtake him, he's gone to Mistress *Bellamies*: in the mean time I give you to understand, that I *Close* do still follow my Master; have great hope to continue eating, though the rest of my fellows here be blanks, and want filling.

Play. My Masters, I have known you long; and though you be at loss, in the confidence of your future honesties, I will employ you in a device, which if it prove happy, may reward you handsomly.

Close. And me too?

Play. No, sir, you are another mans servant; follow you your Master: if there be occasion, I'll enquire for you: will you be faithful to a project of mine?

Omnes. Doubt it not, sweet Master *Playfair*, any thing.

Play. Follow me for your instructions: Farewel *Close*, commend me to your Master.

2 *Ser.* 'Buy *Close*, honest *Close*, we are blanks.———

Ex. Playfaire and Servant.

Close. Roul your selves up, and be drawn at the next lotterie: I wont leave my certainty, for all your projects, take my word for't; if your project fail, I shall find some of you in *Pauls*, watching behind a pillar, with a prayer that some gentleman will read the bedrol, and take pitty of a very serviceable fellow, to wait on him; but wants a cloak. Much good do ye with your Project.——— *Exit.*

Enter Hornet and Mistress Bellamy.

Hor. Come widow, be rul'd by me; I know the world,
And I have studied it these fifty years:
There's no man to be trusted.

Bel. Without good

Security

Security, you mean.

Hor. No young man, widow,
That talks and ſays he loves you, writes you verſes,
And ſwears he ſhall go hang himſelf unleſs
You pitty him: take me an old man.

Bel. Take you an old man: ſo.

Hor. Seaſon'd with care and thrift, not led away
By vitious converſations, nor corrupted
With pride and ſurfeit: one that knows the uſe
Of money? d'ye mark? the uſe.

Bel. Yes, ſir; uſe upon uſe, you mean.

Hor. And dares not ſpend it prodigally; knowing
The principal end it was ordain'd to was,
To relieve neceſſity, and lay up
VVhat is above.

Bel. To help the poor.

Hor. You may,
If you be ſo diſpos'd; but 'tis as commendable
To give it in our will, to build an hoſpital,
And ſo our charity comes all together.
Beſides, who knows what tempeſts while we live
May riſe? 'tis wiſdom not to be without
A ſun-ſhine in our bags to quiet all:
I know you want no ſuitors in the City,
There be courtiers, great ones, with large titles,
Cold in their own eſtates, would warm themſelves
At your rich City-bonefire: there's no Alderman
Or wealthy Merchant, leaves his widow wealthy,
But ſtreight ſome noble blood, or luſtie kindred,
Claps in with his guilt coach and Flandrian Trotters,
And hurries her away to the next Counteſs:
No matter for corruption of their blood;
Some undone courtier made her husband rich,
And this new Lord receives it back again.
I would not have your ſtate thus eaten up
By caterpillers, but preſerv'd and made
Greater by marrying a diſcreet old man.

Bel. And ſuch a one you ſhew your ſelf.

Hor. You happily interpret me.

Bel. I will not tell you till we meet again,
What operation your good counſel has upon me.

Hor. She inclines; 'tis your good nature.
I'm plain *Hornet*, and have no tricks; I'll tell you all
My fault, I'm given much to gather wealth;
No kindred, only a neece, left to my truſt
With a great portion; one that is never like to marry.

Bel.

Bel. Why?
Hor. She never thriv'd since she came to me.
Bel. I easily believe it.
Hor. Melancholy
VVill kill her, and yet I pursue all ways
That promise her delight; I spare no cost
Of physick; what her Doctor says, is done.

Enter Hartwel and Frances.

Bel. 'Tis lovingly perform'd.
Hor. VVhat's he?
Bel. A Gentleman that bears my daughter much affection.
Hor. Sure I have seen him.
Bel. Master *Hartwel.*
Hor. Oh he's a begger, or must be very shortly.
Bel. Have you his lands in morgage?
Hor. Not yet, not yet, but he'll want money too:
His kinsman *Playfair* keeps him company;
Take heed on him.
Bel. He has good breeding.
Hor. Hang breeding, 'tis unluckie:
They never keep their state that have too much on't:
Counsel your daughter, Mistress *Bellamy*,
To throw him off.
Bel. You direct well.
Hor. VVhen we are married, I'll provide a match
For her.
Bel. You have care on us.
Hor. It will become me.
Hart. Is a suiter to thy mother.
Fran. He would be such a thing, were I not happy
In such a jolly father in law.
Hart. A looks like some cast money-bag, that had given up
The stuffing, and for want of use grown mouldy:
He dares not keep a fire in's Kitchen, lest
VVarming his hands, which rather look like gloves so tan'd,
And thin, he lets 'em scorch, and gather into a heap.
I do not think he ever put off his clothes:
He would run mad at sight of's own anatomie.
That such a wretch should have so vast a wealth!
Fran. I'll not be his Neece,
For all his fortune.
Hart. I presume
Your mother is more noble, then to encourage
Him in his courtship: her estate would mix

Not

Not well with his ill-gotten wealth, extorted
From widows and from orphans: nor will all
His plenty keep his soul one day from famine:
'Tis time ill spent, to mention him; let's talk
Of something else.

Fran. Of what?

Hart. Of love again,
Whose flames we equally divide.

Hor. Your table
Is a devourer, and they shut up doors
First, that keep open house and entertainments:
This Lord is feasted, and that young Ladies sweet tooth
Must have a banquet: t'other old
Madam with ne'er a tooth, must have some marchpane
Coral to rub her gums withal: these are
Vain and ridiculous expences.

Bel. 'Tis not too late to thrive.

Hor. This room has too rich furniture, and worse
Hangings would serve the turn; if I may be
Worthy to counsel, pictures are too
Superfluous, of this and t'other masters
Doing: hang *Michael Angelo* and his oyls;
If they be given, y'are the more excus'd
To let 'em hang; but have a care you let not
Appear either in Arras or in Picture,
The storie of the prodigal, 'twill fright
Young gentlemen from spending of their portions
That come to visit you; whose unbounden Riots
May enrich you, with their forfeited estates:
I have a thousand precepts more.

Bel. But d'ye not
Think all this while of Heaven?

Hor. 'Tis in my wealth.

Bel. Or hell?

Hor. A fable to fright fools and children; but
I cannot stay, my Scrivener does expect me;
I'll visit you another time, sweet widow,
And give you more instructions.

Bel. Spare your labour,
I sha'not practice these in haste, and must
Declare, these precepts make not for your welcome.
My patience was no vertue all this while.
If you but think you have a soul, repent:
Your rules I am not covetuous to follow;
I dare not love 'em.

Hor. Live, and be undone then;

You'll

You'll tell me another tale hereafter, widow.——

Exeunt Hornet.

Enter Nurſe and Cloſe.

Nurſe. If it pleaſe you, here's a letter from Maſter *Startup* The Country-Gentleman.

Hart. What's he?

Fran. A freſh ſuitor of my Nurſes commendations.

Cloſe. Heaven deliver me! What have I ſeen? ſure this Thing was once at Bartholomew-Fire, or ſuch another Furr'd Baboon for all the world: do'ſt know him? And yet why do I ask? the devil would hardly Take acquaintance with him.

Nurſe. 'Tis maſter *Hornet* the great Uſurer.

Cloſe. Hornet? Nay then my wonder's over; and the devil himſelf Be ſuch another, they may be ſworn brothers, and divide Hell betwixt 'em.

Hart. Who's that you talk on, ſirrah?

Cloſe. Of the diſeaſe that heaven be thank'd has left you, *Hornet.* But ſir, I have news for you.

Bel. Franck?

Hart. I'll hear it in the Garden.— *Exit Hartwel and Cloſe.*

Bel. Do you love this Gentleman?

Fran. I hope you move not this as if you doubted; I took him firſt upon your character, Into my good opinion.

Bel. But things alter; What then I thought him, I delivered you, Nor ſince hath he deſerv'd a leſs eſteem In his own perſon: but the circumſtance Is not the ſame; his fortune I have examined, Which riſes not to ſuch a value I Did apprehend it; it becomes my care, Being at one gift to depart with thee And my eſtate, to look for one whoſe purſe May carry a proportion.

Fran. Make me not Imagine you would wed me to a heap Of ſhining duſt, a golden bondage.

Bel. Nor to penury: His birth and education are not unworthy, he's handſome too: But be not govern'd by your eye too much; Children and age purſue us, and ſome ſtorms Hover about our frail conditions:

All theſe muſt be provided for: they are not
Kiſſes will make our winters warm; and therefore
Confident of your obedience, I propound
Another to your beſt thoughts.

Fran. Oh my unhappyneſs!

Bel. A Country gentleman of ſpreading fortunes,
Young too, and not uncomely; for his breeding,
It was not ſpun the fineſt: but his riches
Able to guild deformity, and make
Even want of wit a vertue, when your life
Renders it ſelf more ſweet by your command:
His name is Maſter *Startup*, expected
Our gueſt to morrow; that's his letter, read it.
This may ſeem ſtrange, while it is coming toward you:
But when diſcretion comes to examine what
A fruitful conſequence attends it, you
Will thank me for't.

Fran. But with your pardon, mother:
Although I could diſpence with my own thoughts,
And frame them to obedience, will this change
Be for your honour, or mine own? when ſuch,
When ſuch a noble gentleman ſhall boaſt he had
With your conſent my liking? or admit
That which we gain by riches of the ſecond,
Seem to authorize, and may juſtifie
The act with ſome: How can it cure the wound,
Which the poor heart that loves ſhall find too ſoon,
When 'tis neglected, and ſo cruelly,
Where it hopes for cheriſhing? Oh think
How you did love my father, firſt; and be
Now gentle to your daughter: your eſtate
Is above needy providence, or grafting
Into a new ſtock; it does grow already
Fair from his own root, and does want no piecing;
Nor are the means of *Hartwel* ſo contemptible.

Bel. No more: when y'ave conſider'd well, you'll ſhape
Another anſwer; i'th' mean time diſpoſe
Your countenance to entertain this new
And able lover: leave the ſatisfaction
Of *Hartwel* to my care; he's here, to your chamber.——

Exit Francis.

Enter Hartwel and Cloſe.

Cloſe. I know not what's the trick on't, nor themſelves yet,
But he has a project to employ 'em in.

Hart. I wiſh it well——But do you work your ſelf

Into

Into the opinion of the Nurſe, ſhe is
The *Major Domo*, and has all the intelligence.
Cloſe. Let me alone, I'll work her, ſir, like wax,
To print what form you pleaſe upon her; 'tis
A loving croan to me already:
I'll ſpeak her fair, and in my drink may marry her.
Bel. Maſter *Hartwel?*
Hart. About your buſineſs.
Bel. There is a buſineſs, ſir, which I muſt open,
And you perhaps will wonder at.
Hart. You prepare my attention.
Bel. You do love my daughter,
At leaſt I think ſo.
Hart. If you knew my heart,
You might be confident; in her I ſum
All my deſires on earth.
Bel. Be not ſo fixt.
Hart. How, Lady?
Bel. When you have heard me out, perhaps you'll find
Your conſent eaſie to call back a promiſe
Made to your diſadvantage.
Hart. I acknowledge
This makes me wonder; pray interpret Lady,
And ſpeak a language I may underſtand;
I love your daughter.
Bel. But muſt never glory
In the reward which you expect ſhould be
Her marriage.
Hart. In the number of my actions
There is not one that's guilty of ſo much
Offence to you, that I ſhould be ſo ſoon
Loſt to your favour.
Bel. Have no thought ſo poor,
You can deſerve leſs; my opinion
Is richer laden with your merit then before.
Hart. Now
I fear again, this violent turn of praiſe,
Makes me ſuſpect my ſtate: if I be fallen,
Teach me to know my treſpaſs.
Bel. I ne'er look'd
With ſo cleer eyes into your worth; and 'twere
A ſin to general goodneſs to delay
The free reſign of that, your truth may challenge.
Hart. If this be meant, pray pardon my miſtake
Of ſomething went before: love made me fear
You ſaid I never ſhould enjoy your daughter

In marriage, which your ſelf ſo late incline to.

Bel. And muſt again repeat, you ſha'not call
Her bride.

Hart. Can you forbid this happineſs, and love me?

Bel. Yes, ſo dearly, *Hartwel*, I preſent
My ſelf to thy affections.

Hart. You amaze me, and fright my underſtanding.

Bel. Does the name
Of widow ſound diſpleaſing? I have learn'd
Already to obey; my years are not
So many with a thought to freeze your blood;
I wear no print of time, deep on my brow,
Nor have my hairs the innocence of age:
Gentlemen active, and of noble birth,
Think no diſhonour to beſeech my love,
And if they flatter not, commend my perſon:
Adde unto this my wealth, no narrow fortune,
And without competition, my daughter
Depending on my love, whoſe portion muſt
Flow from my bounty, or be nothing: make
A ſober apprehenſion of this Tender,
And think I was not able to ſuppreſs
Theſe flames of love increaſe ſtill by your vertues:
This minute quit all hopes of *Frances*,
Whoſe mother will admit no Rival; 'tis
Within your own election to be happy:
My love accepted comes with fair attendance;
Deny'd, you haſten your own exile; think on't,
To morrow ſometime, I'll expect your anſwer.—— *Exit.*

Hart. What have I heard? Was it her Mother ſpake thus?
As Pilgrimes by miſtake of ſome ſmall path,
Having told many weary ſteps, at night
When their hopes flatters 'em they are not far
From ſome kind entertainment, finde themſelves
Loſt in a wilderneſs; ſo am I miſerable:
Thus Love delights to wound and ſee us bleed,
He were a gentle god to kill indeed.—— *Exit.*

Finis Actus Primi.

Actus Secundus.

Enter Nurſe and Cloſe.

Cloſe. WO'd thou wo'dſt ſpeak a good word for me: I am
Weary of my indentures: I like a fool was in good hope
He ſhould have married Miſtreſs *Frances.*

Nurſe. He's a begger; ſhe his wife? no, Maſter *Startup*
Is the man, the man of lands and mony.

Cloſe. Into whoſe ſervice if I could wriggle my ſelf, a
Word of thy mouth does it.

Nurſe. I muſt tell you by the way, he is little better then a
fool.

Cloſe. The fitter for her husband, and my maſter.

Nurſe. Y'are i'th' right, he's innocent to your hands, and
You may ſoon come to nonage his eſtate.

Cloſe. VVhich if I do, thou ſha't want no petticoats,
All's thine own.

Nurſe. VVhat?

Cloſe. VVhy all that I can beg, borrow or ſteal from him:
VVhat ſhould he do with ſo much riches? I'd perſwade my young
Miſtriſs, after the firſt year, to put him to his penſion: he ſhould
pay for's diet; and after a month or two, for every time he comes
aloft. Hang him, Cuckow-pintle.

Nurſ. Nay, let her begin betimes, if ſhe mean to rule the
roaſt: I'll give her Documents; and be you ſure you ſtick
cloſe to your Miſtriſs; there's ſomething to be got that way.

Enter Hartwel and Playfair.

Cloſe. Excellent Verges!
How I do love thy documents! I but he's here,
I'll not be ſeen with thee; farewell:
At night we'll talk the reſt over a ſack-poſſet.— *Exit Cloſe.*

Nurſe. I will uſe this advantage to over-hear a little.

Play. You tell me ſtrange things; is it poſſible
The widow her ſelf loves you?

Hart. VVould I had reaſon but to ſuſpect.

Play.

Play. Turn Colt again; this love will kill's all:
And can she make no choice, but where her daughter
Has the same longing? not her dancing days done yet?
VVhy there's no remedy, you must love her.
Hart. How? and violate my faith to *Frances?*
Play. Thou wilt not be so much an infidel,
To think I mean thou shouldst forsake the wench.
Tell me the mother a fine tale of love,
Print kisses on her paper-lip, and hug
Her reverend body; any thing but lie with her:
VVrite sonnets on the ivorie tooth afore;
Swear she does cough distinctly; get a rime
To bless her when she sneezes, and cry up
The method of her nose, which sweats and falls
So perpendicular; admire the motion
Of her blew eyes that look three ways at once:
Praise her above thy reason, or her daughter,
And then she will believe, thou maist be mad for her.
Hart. Is this the way to do me good? she comes
Too fast upon me already.
Play. Let her flie to thee,
Thou maist clip her wings the sooner, this secures thee:
Should you hold off, and play the modest creature,
Nay but deny as maids do, when they love it,
And bending of your hams cry, No forsooth,
Profess your self, with coxcomb-like civility,
You are not worthy of her carnal favours,
She may believe it; and in very spight
Marry her daughter to a Citizen;
Or should you be so mad to think to win her
To your first choice, withholding your passions
For Mistress *Frances*, complaining how *Don Cupid*
Hath sacrific'd your heart; you may go hang your self:
Go to the Barbers, let him fitk your hair up,
And spend his powder; wash your sullen face,
And starch your infant, upper-lip to look
Like one that would run desperate on a widow.
Nurse. Here's pretious conspiracie!
Play. This is the way:
At leasure, you may tell your natural Mistress,
Like *Jove* you have but put another shape on
To cheat the Beldame *Juno*.
Nurse. Foul-mouth rascal, I'm glad I know your plot.
Hart. I apprehend, th'ast given me good counsel:
I'll watch the first occasion to assure,
I have prefer'd her in my heart already.

Nurse.

Nurſe. I'll conjure up a croſs plot, and that quickly,
Shall mar your mirth, and pay your fine diſſembling;
Are you ſo cunning, my love gameſter?——— *Exit Nurſe.*

Play. So I'll take my leave then, y'ave no other ſervice
To uſe my ſtay: I have a project, *Hartwel*,
That muſt not be neglected.

Hart. May not communicate?

Play. Thou art ingag'd to wait
Upon thine own affair, or I ſhould trouble thee
To be an actor in't; thou know'ſt *Hornet*.

Hart. He is a ſutor to the widow, and
After the rate we caſt the plot, my rival.

Play. I'll rival him; he ſmothers a poor gentlewoman
At home with Sea-coal, and allowes her no
More light then ſerves to read in painted cloth,
The expoſition of the harlots ſtorie.
Hartwel, I love her; and before her Father
Dyed, we exchang'd our honeſt hearts; 'tis here
To free her from that ſlavery ſhe lives in
Under the iron-hearted Jaylor, elſe
I ſhall repent my aim; he broods upon
Her portion, but I have a trick may ſpoil
His hatching of young bags; thou ſhalt know all
Hereafter; to the widow, *Hartwel*: I am
For ſtate-affairs; be faithful, and pray for me.
We muſt be bold: farewell, if ſomething hit,
We'll laugh in ſpight of *Divis* and the Devil.——— *Exit.*

Enter Belamy, Frances, Cloſe, Startup.

Cloſe. This is the thing, ſir, that muſt carry away
The garland; they have given him a cup or two
Of ſack, and he has the prettieſt humour,
He does ſo whiſtle out his complement:
He wears his feather like the captain of
A country team, and would become a horſe-coller
Rarely; I do not think, but were he put to't
With little ſwitching, he would draw the Cart well.

Star. Sweet Lady, I am your humble ſervant; 'tis well known what I am, where I live; my father dyed ſince I was of age, and left me a younger brothers portion.

Bel. A younger brother?

Star. Sweet Lady, I know what you would ſay, my father had no more children; but I ſpeak modeſtly of my eſtate; I have land enough for two or three wives; I have a horſe in Town; your daughter ſhall ride behind me: Sweet Lady, did you ever ſee the country? *Fran.*

Fran. What country, sir?

Star. VVhy, any country living: sweet Lady, I am your humble servant; if you love hawking, hunting, or drinking, there be good fellows will bear you company. Is there any good Tobacco in *London?*

Close. *Virginia*-Tobacco grows here.

Star. Sweet sir, I am your humble servant, you seem to be a gentleman will fetch me a pipe: there's half a piece, if I be not troublesome: perhaps, sweet Lady, you do not love it: if it offend you, let it alone.

Close. A very pretious widgen.

Star. La, la, la, lere. *Sings and Dances.*

Fran. You dance well, sir.

Nurse. He has a strong back, I warrant him.

Star. Sweet Lady, is this your daughter?

Close. Ask that question now?

Bel. I was her mother, sir.

Star. That may be too; what gentleman is that? sweet sir, I am your humble servant likewise.

Hart. You are too humble, sir, to stoop so low;
It would become my duty.

Star. Sweet sir, 'tis all one; a leg or an arm is not cast away among friends: I am a Country-Gentleman, all the world knows; sweet sir, I have no business in Town.

Bel. I thought you came to see my daughter.

Star. That may be too; sweet Lady, pray excuse me, I honour your fair daughter; for I know as well as another, what belongs to a gentlewoman: she's not the first sweet Lady I have lov'd i'th' way of Matrimony.

Hart. Were you ever married?

Star. Sweet sir, no; all men are not alike.

Hart. For some are fools.

Star. Sweet sir, I do confess it;
But wit is never good till it be bought,
They say; there are very good wits in Town,
I have brought money a purpose with me to buy;
If any will sell me a good pennyworth,
I'll give him a hundred pieces, because
I would carry a little down into the Country.

Hart. Is there a dearth in your Country?

Play. Sweet sir, there's plenty.

Close. Of wild-oats; I heard you had much to sow still.

Star. My Tenants have, sweet sir, but 'tis all one;
This Lady shall be Lord o'the Soil: I won't
Give any man six pence for a bushel of mony.

Close. Oh brave sack!

Star.

Star. I am a gentleman, my Father was a Yeoman;
But that's all one, ſweet Lady: howſoever I am yours,
And every limb is at your ſervice;
My hands ſhall walk, my feet ſhall run.
Fran. Away, away.
Star. By this bright gold they ſhall.
Cloſe. He keeps his oath.——
Star. Not run?
My Grand-father was a Noblemans Footman, and
Indeed he run his Country; my Father did
Outrun the Conſtable.
Cloſe. And he, ſweet Lady,
Being his fathers iſſue, muſt run naturally.
Star. If I live.——
Cloſe. He'll run himſelf out of all.
Star. Not run,
Sweet Lady? if you have occaſion to uſe me,
I wo'nt ſtand upon my feet.
Fran. No, ſir?
Star. Nay I'll ſtand upon my head, ſweet Lady,
To do you courteſie.
Cloſe. Then his heels were upwards.
Bel. Pleaſe you, a ſorry dinner ſtays for you.
Star. Sweet Lady, I am your ſervant; will this Gentleman
dine with us?
Bel. I'll prevail with Maſter *Hartwel.*
Cloſe. D'ye know what you have done? he's rival
Miſtreſs; why, d'ye mean to invite him?
Star. Sweet ſir, I invite nobody; if you love
Any body here.——
Hart. What then?
Star. Sweet ſir,
I ſha'not take it kindly, I do not uſe
To quarrel.
Cloſe. When y'are beaten, ſir, he ſha'not wrong you:
Then lay lay him o'er the face.
Star. Sweet ſir,
'Tis dinner-time, fair Lady.
Bel. Maſtert *Hartwel?*—— *Exeunt.*
Cloſe. I had a great mind to have him beaten;
But he's not valiant at meals: would I
Were hired to beat him hanſomly after dinner,
And make him thank me for't; I'll have ſome plot
Upon your pretious body, my ſweet ſir.—— *exit.*

Enter Hornet and Doctor, Playfaire's Brother.

Hor. You tell me wonders, Doctor.
Doct. I have cur'd
Her melancholy; but she's o't'other side
Now extream merry, dance and sing, all air.
Hor. 'Tis strange methinks, nothing but extremities?
Good Master Doctor, could you not have par'd
Her t'other leaden humour?
Doct. Sir, I could not
Kill the malignity of her melancholy
Another way: extreamities must be cur'd
With extreme applications: my next work
Shall be to abate this levity of her brain,
To qualifie her spleen, sir, by degrees;
So state her body in that modest temper
She was possest of.
Hor. I complain'd before
Of quietness; now she's all noise and madness,
By your description.
Doct. You must have patience
A month or so, she is not mad but merry;
Some strange figaries: you must understand,
I have open'd, sir, her fancie, wherein lay
All her imaginations confus'd,
And of a heap, smother'd for want of vent;
And now the spirits that were imprison'd
Rush out, which causeth all her faculties
Before oppress, to exercise themselves
So unexpectedly, as the agitation of her tongue
Soon will manifest: she's here.

Enter Neece.

Neece. Unkle, how does your body? you appear
As lean as Lent: I've a great mind to dance
About a Maypole; shall we?
Hor. She is mad.
Neece. This Doctor has so tickled me,
I cannot chuse but laugh; ha, ha, ha:
Unkle, if you'll procure a dispensation
To marry me your self, deduct the charges
Out of my portion: I'll have no other
Husband; I could affect an old man now
With all my heart.

An

An old man with a bed full of bones,
Turn to me hony and give me a kiſs, &c.

Unkle, when did you put on a clean ſhirt?
Not ſince your wife dyed; that was a pretty ſhift.
Indeed I dream'd o'th' devil the laſt night;
They ſay 'tis good luck: d'ye not know him, Unkle?
Hor. I know the devil!
Neece. He's a fine old gentleman,
And ſomething like you; no ſuch bugbear as
The world imagines; you and he'll keep houſe
Together one day: but you'll burn ſea-coal too,
To ſave charges, and ſtink the poor ſouls ſo.
Shall we go hunt to day? I long to ſtrike
A Deer; pray lend me a Croſs-Bow, will you, ſir?
I'll pay you uſe for't.
And ſtill ſhe cry'd, Shepherd ſhoot home.
Unkle, you are not merry, I pray laugh
A little; imagine y'ad undone a widow,
Or turn'd an orphan begging now: ha, ha!
How many Churches, 'faith, will you build when
You dye? I'll have ſix Bells in every Steeple,
And they ſhall go to th' tune of Turn again
Whittington, who let out his land
For nine lives, 'cauſe it came in by a Cat.
Die Unkle, die, at all adventures.
Hor. Why does ſhe talk of dying? ſhe's ſtark mad;
Could you not put into the next receipt,
Something to make her ſleep well?
Doct. Opium.
Hor. In a good quantity.
Doct. I could ſo proportion it,
She ſhould not wake at all to trouble you:
I did it for a Merchants wife laſt week,
Which lov'd a Knight. A great man not long ſince,
Was weary of his Counteſs; and I cur'd him
So artificially of the diſeaſe.——
Hor. She hears.
Doct. But collects nothing, yet her ſences
Are ſcattered.
Neece. You ſhall give toward the building
Of *Pauls*——Nothing: ſee the mony firſt
Laid out that's given already; it were much

Sin to bely the dead; but 'tis no matter,
You may be as famous, ſir, for pulling down
The Pariſh; for the Church will fall of't ſelf,
With a ding dong Bell.
Why did they put the poor fellow in priſon?
Hor. Whom? what fellow?
Neece. Why the Corn-cutter,
Poor gentleman he meant the City
No harm; his feet were weary, and that made him
In every ſtreet cry out, Have ye any Coins
I' your head or toes?

Enter Purſivant.

Pur. Which is Maſter *Hornet?*
Hor. Ha! with me?
Pur. A word, ſir.
Neece. Prethee what's he? he comes to borrow money
On his wives wedding-ring, or his childs whiſtle now:
You may ſee by his noſe, he has no land, he looks
As hungry as a Hawk: what do you dream on?
Or what Ladies tympany is your next cure?
Or whoſe ſtate body muſt be rectified
With your quaint gliſter?
Pur. There is no diſputing, I muſt attend you.
Hor. I am ſent for by a Purſivant: the King?
Alas, I am undone, I never ſaw him;
How ſhould he know me? a poor wretch.
Doct. Is't not
Some complaint? think.
Hor. That's my fear, there be
Too many Knaves i'th' world; and a man cannot
Grow rich, but one ſtate-ſurgeon or other
Muſt practice on his purſe: before this Lord
One veyn is opened, in t'other Court
So many ounces he muſt bleed again.
Let me ſee: all the treaſon I committed,
Is, that I ſhifted houſes; for I took
Delight to cozen him of his ſubſidies.
I live obſcurely, to avoid
Taxations: I never paid the Church
Her ſuperſtitious tythes, nor come to trouble
Sermons, for fear of homilies before,
That beg for burning.
Neece. Why how now, Uncle? Is your Scrivener broke,
You talk ſuch lamentation?

Hor.

Hor. I am ſent for
To the King, Neece, and ſhall be made a beggar,
As *I* was born: *I* ſee my Chattels ſeiz'd;
This Cheſt is ranſack'd, and that bag deflour'd;
My dore ſeal'd up; and with this hungry meſſenger
I am already marching to the Fleet.

Neece. Nay, and you be at that ward, *I* leave you.
Maſty, farewel: pray do not bite my Uncle
Too hard; and ſo *I* leave you all to th' mercy
Of the Bear-Garden.

Hor. Beſt make faſt her chamber.

Neece. *I*, *I*, curſed Dog: and
Set a thouſand guards about her,
Love will find out a way. Exit.

Doct. Wo'nt ſome money qualifie your haſte,
And give him time to appear?

Pur. Good Mr. Doctor,
Teach your Apothecary: *Galen* nor
Hippocrates can perſwade me from my duty.
Will you go, ſir? or ſhall *I* certifie?

Hor. Go! *I* muſt go.

Doct. Have comfort, ſir: this cloud
May ſoon blow over.

Hor. Yes, when *I*'m blown up:
I read impriſonment in his very looks,
And all my gold confiſcate. *Exeunt.*

Enter Nurſe and Startup.

Nurſe. *I* heard her ſay, ſhe would walk up to her chamber:
The trick was but to teach him whither he
Should follow, who as nimbly apprehended,
To acquaint her with his new affections.
I did this for your good, that Mrs. *Francis*,
Whom *I*'ll ſend preſently to you, may be
Convinc'd in *Hartwel*'s falſhood, and tranſplant
Her love on you.

Star. This will be excellent!
So ſhall we ſtrangle him in his own nooſe,
And he ne'er know who hurt him.

Nurſe. *I*'ll looſe no time, you know my inſtructions.

Star. *I* almoſt had forgot; there is a caſt
Of angels more.

Nurſe. They are not caſt away.

Star. If thou doſt fear they'll drown, Nurſe, *I* can give
Thee lighter, *I* have ſome want weight.

Nurſe.

Nurſe. If you have an evil angel about you, your buſineſs will thrive the better, when 'tis departed.

Star. There, Mother of the Maids.

Nurſe. Now all the good ones wait upon your worſhip.

Star. Theſe things that go to and again, muſt have Their fees, they'll never ſpeak in our cauſe elſe.

Enter Frances.

Aha, ſweet ſir! we'll be too cunning for you.
She's come already: ſweet Lady, how do ye do?
Y'are melancholy, you ſhall have ſome cauſe
If I can help you to't; if you be ſad
Becauſe I love you as I do, be merry
Again: there's no man cares a button for yo u
Beſides my ſelf.

Fran. I am very ill befriended.

Star. You are deceiv'd in ſome body, and me too;
I love you I confeſs, but how? not for
Want of a Miſtreſs; I came not a woing
For ſuch neceſſity, although you have
So little wit, to believe ſomething that
I know concerning t'other party.

Fran. How's this?

Star. Tell me, have you opinion, ſweet Lady,
That any man beſides my ſelf does love
This face of yours? but underſtand, I'll mak't
Appear, and preſently.

Fran. VVhy I dare ſhew my face:
My glaſs cannot ſo much deceive me, ſir:
I ſhou'd be aſham'd it ſhould appear.

Star. Nay I am
For that, a your ſide; d'ye conceive me right?
A worſe face will become the Country, and
Shew well enough at the muſtering; but that
You ſhould be ſuch an aſs.

Fran. This is plain Courtſhip.

Star. Be ſure you underſtand me, and you do not
Repent it, I dare give one of theſe ears.

Fran. You do not threaten me?

Star. Underſtand me right,
But if I do, and will threaten you agen,
Becauſe you ſhall live long to ſee your folly,
And what a Coxcomb you have made your ſelf,
To love a man that is a ſuitor to
Your mother: ha, ha!

Fran.

Fran. VVhom do you mean?
Star. E'en Mr. *Hartwel*:
Are you ſuch a buzzard
You cannot ſee't? then you ſhall hear it: ſtep
Behind theſe hangings, and he'll juſtifie it.

Enter Hartwel and Mrs. Bellamy.

Hart. I have conſider'd perfectly; and if
You will vouchſafe me hearing, dare pour forth
My heart, which full of love renders it ſelf
To your acceptance: I acknowledge, Lady,
My paſſions are but young, for could I hope
You ſhould with ſo much favour look upon me?
Bel. But may I credit this?
Hart. But to ſuſpect,
Were an injuſtice to my faith, which looks
Upon your vertue with as much religion
As love is able to receive; your age
Hath ſtruck a reverence into my eye;
And what you want of youth and ſpring upon you,
Your wiſdom richly ſatisfies. Thoſe characters
Which time hath written on your careful forehead,
Are but his envie, and your ornament,
VVhen it ſhall come to paſs by your example,
That youth ſhall be eſteem'd an infancy,
And women never ripe for love or marriage
VVithout your age upon them; 'tis a fault
That men not guided by the tract of reaſon,
But heat and wantonneſs of blood, run giddy
To ſeal ſuch weighty covenants; better 'twere
The world ſhould end in our Virginitie,
Then ſpin it ſelf more length, by inconſiderate
And haſty marriages.
Bel. Have you already
Retriv'd the affection which purſu'd my daughter?
Shall I believe no ſeeds of love remain,
VVhich may grow up and ripen with repentance?
For this exchange I do allow you, ſir,
The conſideration of my fortune, which
Might in it ſelf incline you to accept me.
Hart. That is but an attendant, as you uſe it,
I muſt confeſs a welcome one, although
The mind is the firſt beauty which true love
Aſpires to, when 'tis waited on with perſon

And an eſtate; it comes with greater priviledge
To win upon's: *I* do not wiſh you, Lady,
Raſhly believe what *I* profeſs, but meaſure
My ſervice by the tryal; *I*'ll expect,
And write your ſmiles a competent reward,
Till time and your demand demonſtrate me,
Although not equal to your full deſervings,
Yet one that has ambition to be thought
Not too unworthy.

Bel. And *I* gueſs ere long,
Such an occaſion will preſent it ſelf.

Hart. Till then have *Hartwel* in your loving memory,
Who wiſhes no more happyneſs of life
Then to be call'd yours.—— *Exeunt.*

Fran. VVhat have *I* underſtood?

Star. Will you believe me another time, ſweet Lady?

Fran. It is not he, ſome devil does but cozen us,
And mock our ſence, with theſe phantaſtick bodies.
Hartwel!

Star. Nay 'tis the man, *I* hope you'll be converted,
And think a Country Gentleman worth favour
That brought you to this knowledge; *I* deſerve.——

Fran. My curſes for this black diſcovery:
VVhereas before 'twas not impoſſible
In time *I* might be brought to pitty thee;
Henceforth *I*'ll look upon thee as my ſins,
And beg as much forgiveneſs, that *I* knew thee.

Star. Nay, but d'ye hear?

Fran. Die quickly, and be forgotten.

Star. This is very fine, ſweet Lady!

Fran. My mother! Oh my fate! ſee me no more,
And *I*'ll forgive thee.—— *Exit.*

Star. *Is*'t come to this? *I* ſee
I am a fool, and there's no remedy—— *Exit.*

Finis Actus Secundi.

Actus Tertius.

Enter Startup and Nurſe.

Nurſe. Fie, fie, *I* am aſham'd on you, a Gentleman
Of your high promiſing, and be put off
So ſlightly?
Star. VVhy Nurſe? what would you have me do?
Nurſe. Do? *I* would have you do——ſomething; a man
of your ability, and cannot turn and wind a woman?
Star. You would not have wiſhed me
To have put her to't behind the hangings?
Nurſe. You ſhould have been round with her.
Star. *I* was round
With her; *I* call'd her aſs, *I* think, and coxcomb:
Unleſs *I* ſhould have given her the lye,
And call'd her whore, *I* could not be more round with her.
Nurſe. *I* do not mean that way.
Star. And ſhe call'd me,
I think, her——
Nurſe. VVhat?
Star. Why no worſe then all her ſins; heaven forgive her,
She has the more to anſwer; nay ſhe did
Not ſtick to bid me dye too, in that deſperate
Eſtate.
Nurſe. Come, you ſhall take another courſe.

Enter Cloſe.

Cloſe. What ailes my Maſters ſweet-heart? is ſhe frighted?
I met and ask'd her for my Maſter, and
She turn'd tail like a hound had loſt the ſent:
There's ſomething in the wind: my three pil'd worſhipful,
Are you there, with my Lady o'the larder?
Now in that poſture, do not they two look like

A fine Brick-House and a Thatch'd-Barn i'th' Country,
Laying their heads together? without doubt
Some pretious consultation: what poesie
Will fit his joynt ring, or how many yards
Of Holland without seaming-lace will make
His Mistress smock: they have spied me.
Nurse. Close,
Come hither; nay he's faithful, and one that
Has a desire to serve you: you may trust him.
Close. Your worship may trust me abed w'ye; I
Have had an itch this great while, sir, a kinde
Of longing, to be one of your appurtenances;
I have some faults, and I'll confess 'em: I have
A humour now and then when I am asked
A question, to tell truth, though I be chid for't;
And I do not love blows: you may sooner beat
My brains out, then a word of flattery:
I cannot batten upon commendation,
Without my wages, nor be valiant
Upon small beer; I am not overmuch
Given to be drunk, but I've a trick o'th' Dutchman,
To do your business as well drunk as sober:
I have not impudence enough to pimp
For you; but I have a gift, I can say nothing
As well as your chaplain; I suck'd secresie
From mine own mother, once a baudy Mid-wife:
I was born upon Shrove-Tuesday, and shall be
Now and then given to rebellion:
My flesh will once a year rise at a chambermaid,
If none such take me down; I shall in malice
And deep revenge, fling out upon *May Day*
Among the Apprentices without fear or wit:
If you chance to be arrested, I dare kill
Any thing, but a Sergeant; he's lapt
In law, a wearing stronger far then buff:
If any gentleman ne'er so much provok'd,
Prick him between the seams, or knock his brains out,
Which is the surer way (for most a these
Vermine, would fain be kill'd) he is sure to take
His leave at the Towns end; his breakfast is
Tyed up, and stays for him, neer my Lord Mayors
Banquetting house, made for the City-progress.
Star. I like his humour.
Nurse. Nay he has a sconce,
And shall be of our counsel; afterward,

Your

Your worſhip may entertain him : Look you *Cloſe*,
There is a plot to help this Gentleman
At night, when they are abed : and if you went
To bed betimes, to avoid ſuſpition,
'Twere never the worſe ; I'll ſay you are not well :
D'ye mark ? this honeſt Gentleman ſhall be
Let into Mrs. *Frances* bedchamber.

Cloſe. Without her knowledge?

Nurſe. You ſhall only attend
To give him notice from me when to come,
And watch about the houſe, he may get off
Without diſcovery ; this is all.

Cloſe. So, ſo, I ſha'not keep the door.

Nurſe. I can do that.

Cloſe. Let me alone to give you notice who
Stirs about houſe.

Enter Hartwel.

Nurſe. Away, 'tis Maſter *Hartwel*,
We'll not be ſeen together,
Go your ways.——— *Exit Nurſe and Startup.*

Cloſe. A fooliſh knave and baud, that do want nothing
But carting ; I would ſooner ſee that Tryumph
Then all the Pageants a day after *Simon*
And *Jude*, when the fine City goes a feaſting.
Oh ſir, I have news ; yes, they are gone, brave news,
Your gentlewoman can hold out no longer :
This night there will be a ſtratagem ; the governeſs
Old madam *Humpeapampe*, the Nurſe, has promis'd
To admit the Country Gentleman, when all
Are abed, into her chamber ; yes, your Miſtriſſes :
I'm o'the plot to lie perdue, and give
The word if any fire-lock approach ;
The reſt imagine: if he have not art to
Perſwade her to the feat with him, yet there
Be tricks, and he may be ſurpriz'd i'th' chamber,
And ſhe may be compell'd to marry him, in
Her own defence : there have been ſuch devices.

Hart. Does ſhe conſent ?

Cloſe. She is betray'd to't, Sir.

Hart. Thou wo't not be ſo baſe.

Cloſe. And I had meant it,
I ne'er had told you this : can you make uſe

Of this intelligence?

Hart. Th'art my honeſt ſervant.

Cloſe. I promis'd to be his.

Hart. I have it, canſt
By any means procure me but his cloathes?

Cloſe. With eaſe: he'll go to bed betimes, to void
Suſpition, that's a part of our deſigne.

Hart. I could not wiſh a happier opportunity,
To try how ſhe affects this gaudy fool,
And cleer my faith to her; which her mothers watch
Will not permit: ſhe has I fear obſerv'd
My new familiarity with the mother,
Which I'm compell'd to, and muſt cure this way;
Fail me not, *Cloſe*, and propound thy own
Reward.

Cloſe. Tell me your purpoſe, and let my wit
Diſpoſe of him.

Hart. Proſper me Love in this.

Cloſe. And you fall to your prayers
With good Love look about us, I ſhall ſuſpect
You will not thrive: you ſhould go to a wench
As gentlemen fall to Oyſters, without ceremony,
Or ſayihg grace; devotion will ſpoil all.——— *Exeunt.*

Enter Playfaire and Doctor his brother.

Doct. Right as an arrow.

Play. Witty engineer:
But was ſhe taken with the plot?

Doct. I was
Compell'd to frame an outſide of a reaſon,
Leſt her own mirth ſhould play the traytor with us,
Her ſpleen was ſo dilated; he believes
She's mad: which change makes for us.

Play. Excellent.

Doct. And he that you employ'd, the Purſivant,
Shew'd ſuch a ſurly raſcal, the poor Uſurer
Trembled as Bauds beneath the laſh.

Play. He comes then.

Doct. With as much joy, as to receive a hanging.

Play. He would be whipt, and ſay his prayers at *Pauls* in a white ſheet.

Doct. That were penance to him:
Nay he would pay as much as he ſhould fine

For

For Alderman, though half his ſoul went with it,
For his *Quietus*; he does apprehend
Nothing but earthquakes.

Enter three Lords.

Play. How I am rampant
With the imagination? bid the muſick
Be ready, they know all their flouriſhes:
But ſhift you quickly——My honourable Lords.——
Exit Doctor.
How they do look like States-men! where's your tooth-pick?
Excellent! bear your ſtaff handſomly; contract
Your brow, and look more ſupercilliouſly.

1 *Lord.* I warrant you for my part.

2 *Lord.* We came now from practice.

Play. Can ye do't with confidence?

2 *Lord.* Theſe very cloathes have made me proud already:
It was ſome Lords caſt ſute, I'll lay my life.

3 *Lord.* And mine; it ſmells of honour.

Enter one with perfume.

Play. More perfume, ſo, ſo; how now man?

2 *Lord.* He looks pale; my Lord, how d'ye?

3 *Lord.* Well, well, I hope 'tis but conceipt.

Play. Of what?

3 *Lord.* Will the pox lie in cloathes? I cannot tell,
I finde ſome alteration in my body
Since I ſhifted.

Play. 'Tis a meer conceipt;
They were an honeſt mans, upon my knowledge,
A Captain of the Train'd-Band in the Country:
They were bought againſt the general muſter laſt;
He wore 'em that day, and moſt carefully ſent 'em up
To taſt our *London* lavender.

3 *Lord.* Sir, you have
Satisfied me.

Play. Be ſprighful: where's this Prince,
Whoſe nod muſt make us double before age?
I long to kiſs his hand.

2 *Lord.* He's here. *Flouriſh.*

Enter

Enter Lambert, Playfaire's brother, for the fourth Lord, Sir Poldavis and attendants.

Play. Now by that ſprig, a pretty lump of Majeſty,
No actor could become it half ſo royally:
But wilt thou not be out of thy Kings part,
And when wine is wanting at the banquet,
Call upon drawers, quarrel with your Nobles?
Or when we ſhall preſent our man of morgages,
Take him aſide, and borrow half a crown
To give your whore benevolence, which truſted
For you laſt tilting; or be drunk too ſoon,
And leave our project in the durt?

Lam. My Lords,
This fellow's inſolence muſt be corrected:
Diſpoſe him in what priſon you think fit.

4 Lord. He's mad, I think.

Lam. To Bedlam with him then:
Is this a place for fools and madmen? who
Admitted him? take him away; ſee you
He be well whipt, and let him thank our mercy,
Bandog.

Play. I quake already; excellent *Lambert!*
Cool, cool thy lungs, and whiſper with ſome Lord,
Thou wo't be a key too high elſe: good ſir *Poldavis*,
Maſter of the houſe, at whoſe coſt we are
Entertained!

Pol. My part is rotten
In my head, doubt not.

Enter Purſivant.

Play. Is he come?

Pur. He waits at the firſt chamber.

Play. Then let the Lutes
Begin, and then admit him. *Lutes.*

Enter Hornet.

Hor. Here's revelling, my purſe muſt be ſqueez'd for't:
That's the King, the reſt are bare; how ſupple they are

I'th'

I'th' hams? that Courtier has oyled his joynts:
He looks this way, they point at me; a rot
O'that knaves finger.
2 *Lord.* What fellow's this? who waits?
Pur. It was his Graces pleasure he was sent for.
3 *Lord.* My good Lord.
4 *Lord.* My Lord of *Noland*, as you were saying.
Lam. Is this the man whom you so much commended for his abilities?
Hor. I smell no good from that word ability.
Lam. Discreet, and read i'th' Common-wealth, a man
Fit for employment in some Embassie?
Pol. The very same.
Lam. His countenance is promising.
Pol. If the King
Of *Spain* had but his head, that politick head,
I know who might go fish for the Low-Countries.
Lam. His garments are but course.
Pol. His mind is rich.
Hor. They praise me: I am a thousand pounds the worse.
Lam. Kneel down, thy name?
Hor. Gyles Hornet, your poor creature.
Lam. We'll knight him.
Hor. I do beseech you, sir, to spare this honour,
I am not able to maintain my self;
There be more Knights then can live well already.
Pol. Neglect his favour?
Lam. Be it your care
To give his body more becoming ornaments,
He shall be like himself then; we will confer
More honours on him.
4 *Lord* Do you make haste, his Grace
Will have you new thatch'd; you must have rich cloaths
Fitting your state and honourable title.
Hor. These will be good enough for me, 'las I am not able.
4 *Lord.* Nay you must have them from his Wardrobe, sir,
They'll cost you nothing; you'll not look in these
Like a poor Knight of *Windsore*.
Lam. Where be the Ladies, and the Bride?
Pol. She's your Graces handmaid; they
Are dancing, sir, within.
Lam. Direct us to 'em prethee;
VVhen he is ready give us knowledge— *Flourish. Exeunt.*
4 *Lord.* Yes, sir.
Hor. VVhat will become of me?

4 *Lord.*

4 *Lord.* You were beſt prepare,
Your cloaths will be here preſently; the King
VVill ſend to you before y'are ready; caſt
Your old skin off: do you not to ſave ſheets
And trouble, wrap your ſelf anights i'th' blankets?
Or are they aſham'd to ſhew the linings?
Hor. Hum; if this be but a preparative for a whipping,
VVhat caſe am I in?

Enter Servant with cloaths.

4 *Lord.* VVell ſaid, now they are come,
Be nimble now, and help to ſtrip him.
Hor. 'Las, muſt I wear this doublet? it would yeild
Heaven knows how much to burn.
4 *Lord.* You may be deſperate
VVhen 'tis on, and burn your body with it, ſir.
Hor. I ſha'not know my ſelf.
Ser. Fit as 'twere made, ſir.

Enter Playfaire.

Play. Which is ſir *Gyles?*
Hor. I am not Knighted yet.
Play. You have your grace, and may be call'd ſo.
Hor. Have I the grace to be a Knight?
I am the man you pleaſe to call ſir *Gyles.*
Play. Then I congratulate your happy fortune;
Y'are like to be exalted; his Grace talks
Much on you; I'll be proud to be your ſervant:
Sir *Robert*, a word.
Hor. VVhat gentleman is this?
Ser. The Bridegroom, ſir; in great favour I can tell you,
And new created by his Highneſs, Baron
Of *Landſkip*; his living is far off.
Hor. My very good Lord, my breeches are almoſt on.
Ser. Here be your keys.
Hor. His Majeſty has pleas'd to ſhine upon
A piece of barren earth.
Play. You are too modeſt:
The King hath been informed, ſir *Gyles*, you are
One of the ableſt men in his Dominions:
Should vertue ſtill be cloath'd in rags? advance it

To

To honour and regard: you waſte your brain
At home in cheap and low engagements, ſweat
Your ſoul out, for a poor and paltry living:
Old houſes, let 'em fall to the dull Lord
O'th' Manner; ſwitch me up a town together,
Or meddle not; this and that ſtrading Acre
Not worth your care: ſtudy ſome Monopoly,
May ſweep the Kingdom at a ſtroak: deſpiſe
A project will not bring in half the City:
Find out a way to forfeit all the Charters:
Have an exchequer of your own, and keep
The Princes round about in penſion:
Theſe are becoming buſineſſes, and ſpeak a States-man.

Hor. You do talk ſtrange things, my Lord:
So, now my keys, good gentlemen, my keys.

4 *Lord.* You have 'em, ſir.

Hor. Cry mercy.

Play. They are things
Material to our buſineſs.

4 *Lord.* And we'll have 'em again:
Let me alone, the Barbour has not done yet;
When he's i'th' ſuds, we may be more familiar
With's worſhips pocket, and return 'em quaintly.

Play. I will account it one of my felicities
To be a witneſs of your honour, ſir.

Hor. Oh my good Lord of *Landskip*.———

Ser. How ſhall we diſpoſe of theſe?

4 *Lord.* The Hangman will not have 'em; and I fear
They will corrupt the well; faith give 'em ſtable-room,
The are dung already.———

Enter 1 *Lord.*

1 *Lord.* My Lord, the King asks for you; good ſir *Gyles*, 'tis ſo decreed; write me i'th' number of your faithful friends.

Play. We muſt attend.

4 *Lord.* Do not yet ſay he's ready,
The Barber has a duty to diſpatch,
He will be an hour a rubbing, waſhing, powdering:
Then I'll attend him to his preſence.

Play. We ſhall excuſe him ſo long, ſtill your ſervant———

Exit Playfaire and 1 *Lord.*

4 *Lord.* The Barber, ſir, attends in the next room.

Hor. I wo'not ſhave.

4 *Lord.* He fears his throat.

Hor. I never
Give above three pence.
4 *Lord.* Talk not you of charge,
You have but yet your welcome; do not you
Think, good sir *Gyles*, but we can shave you too.—— *Exeunt.*

Enter Close and Startup.

Star. Where is he, *Close?*
Close. I told him, sir,
You lay in a chamber o'the t'other side
The house, whither he's gone with his sword drawn,
And curses of themselves able to kill you;
You did affront him once, and now his Mistress
Has quite neglected him, for your love, he thinks;
He'll make you an example to all rivals;
I'll bring your cloaths t'ye after: yet your fear
And running, sir, will keep you warm enough.
Star. Honest *Close*, thou hast sav'd my life.
Close. Death, is he not behind you? this way, good sir.——
Exeunt.

Enter Nurse and Mistress Frances.

Nurse. Have you not made a fine choice? I did ever
Think he was false; your mother did but counterfeit
The love-sick widow, all this while, to try him.
Fran. To try him, *Nurse?*
Nurse. She told me so her self,
Assuring him the state was hers, and you
At her devotion: put him to his choice
To take her with the wealth, or you with nothing;
What followed you have heard: come, be wise yet,
And love the Country-Gentleman, that dotes on you;
He's rich and half a fool: I'll fetch him to you.——
Exit Nurse.
Fran. My mother counterfeit? why may not *Hartwel*
Pretend as well as she, fearing her anger
And policy, if he refus'd her love?
I have observ'd some sorrow in his gesture,
As he were willing to deliver something,
If opportunity would give him leave:
He cannot be so false; now I suspect
He does obey some dire necessity;
Twould puzzle a wise lover to be so

Severely

Severely put to't.

Enter Nurſe and Hartwel diſguis'd.

Nurſe. On like a bold Captain,
Give her a broad ſide, ſhe's within your ſhot;
I'll leave you.——— *Exit.*
Fran. 'Tis the fool; why *Nurſe?*
Hart. Nay, flee not,
Before you hear.
Fran. 'Tis *Hartwel.*
Hart. If my voice
Betray me not.
Fran. Why in this ſhape? ſome trick in't,
He hides his face; I'll put him to't however,
Although the hour be unſeaſonble; any time
We may expreſs our joy: my *Nurſe* once told me
You were not well, and gone to bed: your health
Is welcome as mine own; I dare not, ſir,
In modeſty preſume to bid you ſtay,
And to requite your pains, kind Maſter *Startup.*
Hart. She knows me not.
Fran. Forgive me if I bluſh:
I have no other way, but to declare
My eyes that late frown'd on your love, ſhall ſmile.
Hart. On me?
Fran. On none but you: I have been too
Unkindly dealt withal by *Hartwel,* whom
How dearly I affected, good heavens knows:
But I have read diſcretion to my fancie,
And were he here, he ſhould be witneſs of
My vows to you, if you accept my heart,
And can with equal truth embrace it: I
Will chuſe my husband here; you, only you:
This Faith is regiſtred in heaven, ſhall challenge
From me a wives obedience.

Enter Nurſe, Hartwel Planet-ſtruck.

Nurſe. Away, her mother's up; I would not for
A thouſand pound ſhe finde you in this chamber.———
Exit Frances.
Hart. I have undone my ſelf.
Nurſe. Sweet Maſter *Startup*
To your own lodging, take this cloſe lanthorn with ye.

Paſſion of me, what makes her riſe?

Hart. I will diſcover yet.

Nurſe. Diſcover what?

How! Maſter *Hartwel!*

Hart. You have midnight-plots.

Nurſe. Oh we are wretched miſerable! what have I done?—— *Exit.*

Hart. Oh who ſhall lead me to a world where are
No women! farewell all: I'll be above
Your charms, and finde out death a cure for love.—— *Exit.*

Finis Actus Tertius.

Actus Quartus.

Enter Startup and Cloſe.

Star. WHere are we now? 'tis very cold, why doſt not
Lead to ſome houſe?

Cloſe. What at this time of night?
All people are abed; the very Owls
Are in their dead ſleep: or if we could
Be admitted, would you venture a this faſhion,
And publiſh your diſgrace? proclaim your ſelf
Coward, and lay ſome imputation
Upon the place you came from, where your hopes
May yet be fair for marriage? this brunt over,
To meet a drunkard now were comfortable,
Whoſe eyes inflam'd would ſerve inſtead of torches,
Or he might ſpit Flap-Dragons from his fire
Of Sack, and light us; but no ſober man
Conſidering what caſe you are in, ſir,
By my conſent ſhould ſee us.——

Star. Ha, what's that?

Cloſe. Where? where? a fire-Drake?

Star. Now 'tis gone, 'tis bright—

Again

Again, is't not a ſpirit? Oh deliver me!

Cloſe. I have heard ſome ſuch things uſe to walk the Fields.

Star. What ſhall I do?

Cloſe. Pray, pray, with as much ſtrength
As if you had no land, or were confin'd
To my Annuity; now I hear no ſpirits,
This riches makes us cowards: hide your ſelf,
I will go nearer.——— *Exit Cloſe.*

Star. Doſt know the devil if thou ſeeſt him, *Cloſe?*
A pox a love, if this be the reward on't;
Some call it fire, but I find no ſuch matter;
I am frozen to the blanket, and my teeth
Strike one another, and keep time like hammers;
I do believe if they were beaten out,
They would make falſe Dice, there's Quick-ſilver in 'em
Already by their dancing.

Enter Cloſe.

Cloſe. Sir, where are you?

Star. Here I am, here ſtill.

Cloſe. Y'are a dead man.

Star. More terrour? what's the matter?

Cloſe. 'Tis my Maſter
With a dark lanthorn, and purſues us, by
This darkneſs; 'tis his voice, wrap your ſelf up,
And roul into ſome ditch; flight will betray us.

Star. I were as good be kil'd, and yet I'll venter.—— *Exit.*

Cloſe. 'Tis he indeed, and more then I expected:
The matters do not fadge well with his Miſtreſs.

Enter Hartwel with a dark lanthorn.

Hart. What a ſweet thing is night! how calm and harmleſs!
No whiſpering but of leaves, on which the breath
Of heaven plays muſick, to the birds that ſlumber:
Here are no objects to betray our ſence
To a repentance; nor can women thus
Advantag'd by the tapers of the night,
Spread their temptations to undo poor man:
What a fine book is heaven! which we may read
Beſt now when every ſtar is a fair letter:
How much they wrong thee, night, that call thee guilty
Of rapes and murders? 'tis the day that like
A glorious whore ingageth men to act 'em;

And

And taking then the darkneſs to obſcure 'em,
We unjuſtly lay the ſhame upon thy brows
That art ſo innocent, thou never ſawſt 'em:
Befriended with the ſilence I begin
To wander; there's no wilderneſs abroad
To him, that's loſt at home.

Cloſe. Sir.

Hart. Who's that?

Cloſe. One that has ta'en ſome pains for you to night:
I am *Cloſe.*

Hart. VVhat mak'ſt thou here?

Cloſe. I wait upon my charge,
I lead your Rival a proceſſion
In's ſhirt, perſwading him you had reſolv'd
To cut his throat elſe: he's hard by at's prayers,
And thinks you have purſu'd him.

Hart. Ha! I'll do't:
Shew me the fool, by all my hopes I'll kill him,
And ſend his baſe heart, as a preſent to her:
Fate has preſented me with this revenge,
And I will not delay his death a minute.

Cloſe. Indeed, indeed you ſha'not.

Hart. How?

Cloſe. You dare not.

Hart. My drudge offront me? are you grown his champion?

Cloſe. Not I, ſir, but you dare not do an act
So much againſt the honour of a gentleman;
You wo'not kill him baſely.

Hart. No.

Cloſe. VVhy then
There is no fear, but he'll live long enough:
I'll undertake, he ne'er ſhall grow provided
To fight with ye; and other ſatisfaction,
Name it and take it; ſo I'll fetch him to you.

Hart. Stay, I have been too paſſionate, let him live
To be her puniſhment; that's revenge enough
While I purſue my own ways.

Cloſe. VVhither now?

Hart. VVhither you muſt not follow, by thy honeſty:
I charge thee come not after me.

Cloſe. That binds my attendance, ſir.

Hart. But not when I command the contrary:
If thou doſt move this way, thou draw'ſt mine anger:
Mind the preſervation of the ſame thing you
Undertook: farewel; if thou doſt love me,

Follow not, nor queſtion ; 'tis in my power
To looſe thee or my ſelf.——— *Exit.*

Cloſe. I cannot ſee i'th' dark with ſpectacles,
And mine eyes have loſt him o'the ſudden ;
VVell, I muſt hope the beſt : what ſhall I do
VVith my hen-hearted lover, who would give
Half his eſtate, this cold fit were well over ?
I ſhall make work for the Phyſitians:
Caudles and Cullices will not reſtore him ;
If he but ſcape with life, I am not ſorry :
He may be a ſouldier, and endure the trenches ;
I put him firſt to the becoming ſufferance.
But what are theſe ? an army of horns and halberts ?
Upon my conſcience the VVatch : I thought
The Fields had not been haunted with theſe goblins :
I cannot run ; if I ſhould ſquat, and they
Find me, there were no mercy but *Bridewel*,
Or ſome ſuch louſie place : I am reſolv'd
To caſt away a few good words upon 'em ;
A leg, and worſhipping the Conſtable
That leads the ruſty regiment, will quit me ;
I paſs the gates with't often, and ſo may
The devil, if he pay the Porter. Bleſs ye
My Maſters, what a clock is't ?

Enter Conſtable and Watch.

1 *Watch.* VVho goes there ?
Conſt. I charge you ſtand.
Cloſe. Your worſhip may do much.
Conſt. VVhere have you been ?
Cloſe. At *Iſlington*, an't pleaſe you, about buſineſs.
2 *Watch.* Some thief I warrant him, no honeſt man,
I know by his basket-hilt ; ſome rogue that watches :
The Fields are peſter'd with ſuch ſturdy robbers.
Cloſe. He is a rogue that watches, for my part.
Conſt. He calls my VVatch-men rogues, perfidious traytor.
1 *Watch.* How ! Maſter Conſtable,
You are one your ſelf.
Conſt. Sirrah I will teach you to commit felony.
Cloſe. How, ſir ? will you teach me to commit felony ? take heed what you ſay, if I commit fellony by your authority.
Conſt. My tority ſhall ſtretch for't : away with him ; if you be not whipt for theſe interrgatories, his Majeſty ſhall keep his own peace himſelf ; is this a time anight to call honeſt men rogues ? away with him. *Cloſe.*

Close. Good sir.
2 *Watch.* We will provide you lodging.
Close. Where?
2 *Watch.* New prison.
Close. But are you in earnest, gentlemen? for what?
1 *Watch.* For answering the Constable.
Close. Cry him mercy,
I shew'd him too much manners, if there be
No remedy.
2 *Watch.* We'll humble you,
Close. I have a
Companion hereabouts: where are you, sir?
Within. Star. Here in a ditch.
1 *Watch.* They seldom go alone,
We'll find him out. Ha sirrah?
Close. Do you hear,
You watch about these places for no good,
It seems.
Const. We watch indeed for knaves.
Close. You dare not
Speak to their faces: some of you I am sure
Do watch for your good Masters o'th' Parish.

Enter Startup.

Star. I thank you honest men; where art thou, *Close?*
Close. Here: these good men will help us to a lodging.
Star. Blessing a'their heart; I am almost starv'd.
Const. Yes, yes, we'll d'ye that favour: come away, sir.
Star. Where shall we go now?
1 *Watch.* To prison.
Star. How, *Close?*
Const. You shall be close enough.
Close. I follow, sir,
I cannot leave you in adversity:
All this is for your health: clean straw is warm, sir.
You have the benefit of being naked;
I shall have work to morrow in my woollen.
Const. Away, away, bring 'em away.——— *Exeunt.*

Enter Mistress Bellamy and Nurse.

Bel. I heard some noise, look, call up the servants,
See if the gentlemen be abed; I 'm troubled *Exit Nurse.*
I have not dealt so nobly as became me

With

With *Hartwel*; and that love which I pretended,
If I have drawn his fancy to affect me,
Muſt make him ſatisfaction; his language
And ſoft demeanor, when he gave me up
His reſolution, made me quite forget
My purpoſe to have chid him for his levity,
So ſoon to leave my daughter, who I know
Hath plac'd him neer her heart; and I have done
Her injurie, by this tryal of her truth.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. Oh Miſtreſs!
Bel. What's the matter?
Nurſe. Maſter *Startup*
Is not abed, nor Maſter *Hartwel*.
Bel. This is very ſtrange.
Nurſe. I dare not tell her of his ſhift, they're gone,
The doors I found left open, and no ſigne
Which way they are beſtowed.
Bel. This puzzles me:
Pray heaven there be no miſchief in this abſence:
Is *Franck* abed?
Nurſe. Yes.
Bel. What ſhould
Move 'em to leave my houſe ſo late? and Maſter *Hartwel*
Without his cloaths? ſome knock; they're there; go ſee.— *Knock.*
Exit Nurſe.
Beſhrow me but I trembled.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. 'Tis a ſtranger,
And ſays he would ſpeak with you.
Bel. At this late hour?
What accidents are theſe? from whence?
Nurſe. I know not.
Bel. Has he no name? what ſhould this mean?
Nurſe. He ſays,
He is a Country-man of Maſter *Startups*.
Bel. Admit him, he perhaps may bring ſome newes.

Enter Country-Gentleman.

Coun. By your leave Miſtreſs, pardon my importunity

At ſo unfit an hour.

Bel. Y'are welcome, ſir.

Coun. I met with fortunate directions,
Though I came late: I underſtand you have
A gueſt, one *Startup*, of *Northamptonſhire*,
That comes a woing to your daughter.

Bel. Such
A one there was that ſupt with us, and went
To bed; but ſince, as I have faith, I know not
Which way he has convey'd himſelf: another
Gentleman too is miſſing, and his rival.

Coun. Pray do not mock me, Lady; I have rid
A great way, and the buſineſs much concerns him.

Bel. You may believe me: he is no ſuch treaſure,
I ſhould conceal him

Enter Frances.

Coun. Then I ſee you dally;
Know, Miſtreſs, you may ſlack your preparations,
Your daughter muſt look out another husband;
He is contracted.

Fran. How!

Coun. And ſomething more,
Gotten with childe one that without bluſhing
I cannot call my daughter; he ſhall make
Her credit ſtreight again: although my fortunes
Have no equality with his, I ſhall
Finde law to force him.

Fran. You prefer'd this ſutor:
This news returns my blood.

Bel. Sir, you ſhall finde
All truth I have delivered; I am not ſorry
To hear this news; this is no time to ſeek him:
Pleaſe you accept the lodging that was his:
My ſervant ſhall attend you in the morning,
To help you ſearch.

Coun. You ſeem a noble gentlewoman,
I take your courteſie.

Bel. *Nurſe*, a light: pray walk, ſir.— *Exit Coun. and Nurſe.*

Fran. I was unkind to *Hartwel*, he not wiſe:
But love ſtill apprehends too much or nothing.

Bel. *Frances*, a word: do you not know what is
Become o'theſe Gentlemen?

Fran. Not I, their abſence is ſtrange to me.

Bel.

Bel. Oh *Franck*, I am undone.
Fran. Good heaven forbid.
Bel. This Gentleman, Maſter *Hartwel*,
Whom we ſhall never ſee again, I fear.
Fran. How, mother! are you acquainted with any cauſe to fear thus?
Bel. 'Tis in vain to tell thee how I lov'd him.
Fran. Bleſs my ſences! you love him?
Bel. 'Bove all the world, affectionately plac'd him
Too neer my heart.
Fran. I heard you made pretence
Of love, to try him for my ſake; and pardone me
If yet I dare not believe more.
Bel. Oh *Franck!*
Fran. My heart doth tremble, I feel coldneſs run
Through all my veins.
Bel. I had no other thought
At firſt, but wiſely to diſtinguiſh whether
His heart was fixt on thee, or my eſtate;
With reſolution, if I found him more
A courtier of thy fortune, then thy perſon,
To puniſh him with loſs of both: but love
Hath chang'd the ſcœne and title of our Comedy;
And what I meant ſhould ſlip——All his hopes,
Hath ruin'd us: his modeſt and calm anſwer,
To accept my tender, with ſuch force and reaſon
Directed to my fancie, turn'd my purpoſe,
And made me his indeed, his perfect lover:
But now we have both loſt him.
Fran. All the piety
That ever taught children to love their mother,
Will but ſuffice to keep my heart obedient:
Was ever maid ſo miſerable? was there
No other in my fate to be my rival?
I live too long: Oh break, my poor heart, break;
Then ſhe that gave me life, hath took it from me.
Bel. Why do you weep?
Fran. I do not weep; or if
I do, I know not why.
Bel. Now I perceive,
Thy duty was but counterfeit; you love him,
Upon my life you love him ſtill: have my
Commands no more reſpect? my care and love
So ill rewarded? that I deſiring
One comfort in the world, and ſh'll my childe

Riſe up to take that from me?
Fran. Alas, I knew not
You lov'd him too; indeed I had rather die
Then you ſhould call me rebel: parents often
Affect not where their children love; but you
With too much loving what my thoughts delight in,
Have quite undone your daughter.
Bel. Now I ſee
The cauſe of his departure in this faſhion:
Pray heaven he have not made away himſelf:
Did ever childe deceive a mother ſo?
I have a ſad preſage: you may to bed,
And riſe again without my bleſſing; yet
You may ſtay—Wherefore ſhould I deſpair
Of his return? you ſay you could not tell
That I affected him.
Fran. Indeed not I,
And do believe it now againſt my will;
But I am your daughter.
Bel. Shewing it in conforming
Your ſelf to my deſires, and what is paſt
I can forgive you: if he come again,
Will you be rul'd, and ſhew no favour to him?
For 'tis in you I ſee to make me happy:
I will not tye you to affect th'other:
Chuſe any for your husband, but this man,
My love and prayers ſhall go along with you.
Anſwer.
Fran. Indeed I dare not, yet could I
Put off the knowledge that you are my mother.
Bel. What then?
Fran. Though my imagination allow'd you
The greateſt Empreſs in the world, whoſe frown
Could kill, and eyes at pleaſure make alive
Again, thus I could anſwer.
Bel. pray let's hear?
Fran. You do not well to heap oppreſſion:
Authority was given to preſerve,
Not kill the poor beneath you: I durſt tell you
In confidence of my cauſe, that you betray
Two innocents to ſorrow; and though heaven
Look on, and ſeem to ſmile upon your cruelty,
Yet there is thunder, for divorcing thoſe,
Whoſe hearts That hath conjoyn'd: I durſt ſay more,
Though all your terrors were prepar'd to puniſh
My bold defence, and call you tyrant.

Bel.

Bel. How?
Fran. A moſt unjuſt, a ſacrilegious tyrant.
Bel. You would not be ſo violent.
Fran. That do
Not onely ruine and deface the altar,
But ſteal away the very ſacrifice:
And I durſt adde, and ſmile upon your anger,
Though as you frown'd, death lurk'd in every wrinkle,
My ſoul's above your tyranny; and would
From torturing flames receive new fire of love,
And make your eye faint to behold the brightneſs
Of my poor bodies Martyrdome; and if ever
Love ſhew'd a miracle, my heart ſhould bear
The characters of him you have torn from it,
With beams about it like a Saint that ſuffer'd.
But as you are my mother, thus I kneel,
And beg a pardon for my innocence;
If that offend you, live you happy ſtill,
And be the Miſtreſs of your vows: live to
Enjoy whom you affect; may every hour
Return new bleſſings on you both; renew
Your ſpring, and let him think you young again;
And let me beg but this for all my duty,
Againſt the day you marry him, to provide
My coffin; for *I* fear, *I* ſha'not have
Breath many minutes after, to pray for you:
The herbs that ſhall adorn your bridal chamber,
Will ſerve my funeral, and deck my hearſe:
Beneath which you ſhall ſay, There lies your daughter
That dy'd to ſhew obedience.
Bel. Why ſhouldſt thou
Continue thus to him?
Fran. *I* know he loves me
Still, though hereafter your affections
May meet.
Bel. And they ſhall meet,
But never to procure thee one bad thought:
Now *I* have tryed you both, aſſure my child
I lov'd him but for thee; diſpoſe thy ſelf
To be his bride; this news at his return
VVill make all well: ——To reſt.
Fran. Can this be true?
Bel. 'Twere ſin to mock thee any more——To bed.
Fran. No, *I*'ll ſpend all this night in prayers for you,
My deareſt mother: Oh my *Hartwel!*—— *Exeunt.*

Enter

Enter Playfaire, and the Doctor his Brother.

Doct. How like you her now?
Play. The morning never bloom'd
So fresh, nor *Venus* with more charms upon her:
Adon would melt before her eye, and woo
Her kisses at the expence of her last breath:
Cupid himself, could he but see, would fall
In love with her, and throwing away his shafts,
Offer the empty quiver to her eyes,
Ambitious to fill it with her beams,
The least of which would wound more hearts, then all
His stock of golden arrows.
Doct. No more raptures.
Play. Didst thou not know before, that love is able
Without the help of sack to make a poet?
My nimble *Mercury*; *Joves* Herald in
Reversion.
Doct. I confess,
I had a trick of *Mercury*, when I pick'd
His pocket for the keys.
Play. He never mist 'em.
Doct. His eyes were drench'd in suds, and we return'd 'em
Ere they recover'd light.
Play. 'Twas excellent,
He was in darkness still.
Doct. D'ye think he'll know her?
Play. His cloaths already have
Made him forget himself; or if he have
But the remembrance of such a woman,
The more he sees her now, the more he'll think
The change impossible.
Doct. Where have you left him?
Play I'th' Gallery, where with much patience,
He does expect his Highness will send for him.
Doct. Then all runs smooth, his wonder does continue.
Play. I fed that humour artificially,
He is half perswaded all is but a dream yet:
To which imagination, his cloaths
Are a great help, because he paid not for 'em:
Sometimes he is very merry, then again
He struts about with such a scurvie pride,
As some new crept into nobility,
When some of their first livery come to see 'em.

His

His honour has ſo chang'd him, that he now
Knows not of what religion he is;
Or if by chance he thinks of his firſt faith,
He ſpits o'th' hangings, and excuſes with
I do not like the ſtory, 'tis apocryphal:
Sometimes he'll offer at a jeſt,
Frown upon any man that will preſume
To have more knowledge in worſe cloaths: I told him
It was his Graces pleaſure he ſhould be
Controuler at the Mask, and he did ſweat
As he were ſtudying for ſome mighty oaths
To clear the preſence.——He is here, away——

Exit Doctor and Playfaire.

Enter Hornet and Poldavis.

Hor. Are you the Maſter of the houſe, ſir *Poldavis*?
I heard you call'd.

Pol. *It* is my name,
Sir *Gyles*, unworthy of this Grace his Highneſs
Is daign'd to ſhew in honouring of my daughter.

Hor. And was ſhe married this morning, ſay you?

Pol. This morn ſhe loſt her Virgin-Name.

Hor. *I* have
Not ſeen her yet, nor any of the Ladies;
You have but little noiſe methinks i'th' houſe.

Pol. *It* would offend his Grace.

Hor. VVho as you ſay
Came hither privately, with a ſmall train
Of Lords: would *I* might ſee his face again:
I am not ſent for yet; I have been ready,
Sir *Pol*——theſe three hours; and *I* do wonder
His Grace ſo much forgets himſelf. *Flouriſh.*

Pol. That muſick
Speaks him on entrance.

Enter Lambert, Playfaire and attendance.

Lam. *I*, this garb becomes him;
How was his perſon loſt within that ſhape
He was firſt preſented to me!

Hor. Indeed the caſe
Is ſomething altered, by your Highneſs bounty,
To your poor ſervant *Hornet*.

Play. How he looks

As

As he did ſcorn the Quorum, and were hungry
To eat a States-man! 'las an office in
The houſhold is too little for a breakfaſt,
A Baron but a mornings draught, he'll gulp it
Like a round egge in Muſcadine; methinks
At every wiping of his mouth, ſhould drop
A golden ſaying of *Pythagoras*:
A piece of *Matchiavel* I ſee already
Hang on his beard, which wants but ſtroking out;
The ſtatutes and the *Magna Charta* have
Taken a Leaſe at his tongues end.

Lam. We'll think on't; he ſhall be——But
To the banquet: Then let the Mask be ready,
There we ſhall employ your worthy diligence.—— *Flouriſh.*
Exit Lambert and attendance.

Hor. Heaven bleſs your mighty Grace.

Play. You'll follow.—— *Exit Playfaire.*

Hor. I attend you preſently:
I know not what to think of theſe things yet;
'Tis very ſtrange I ſhould be thus exalted,
Without deſert, beſt known unto my ſelf:
Princes I ſee are mortal, and may be
Deceived in placing of their honours: I
Am little better then a favorite,
If theſe be true, if theſe be true; 'tis a queſtion,
Let me conſider wiſely; it may be
I am not I, not *Hornet*, no, I'm a Knight:
Are theſe my cloaths? I do not uſe to wear ſuch:
A pocket in my ſleeve, and velvet hoſe,
Six times tranſlated ſince they were a Midwifes
Forepart, were things I wore on holydays:
The price of theſe would break a Camels back;
And yet ſome men walk under them like Elephants,
And have variety as the devil were
Their Taylour; who beſt knows where all their land lies:
Then why this coſt on me?——'Tis a dream;
I am now confirm'd, a very idle dream,
And I am very glad on't: 'tis impoſſible
It ſhould be true, it does not hang together:
I will have paience, till I wake again,
And care not what becomes on't.

Enter Playfaires brother for the 4 Lord.

4 *Lord.* 'Tis his highneſs pleaſure,

Now

Now the banquet's done.———

Hor. How, the banquet done! I was coming to't,
You could hardly say grace by this time.

4 *Lord.* That's a ceremony
Grown out of use; it was a running banquet.

Hor. A running! so it seems, it was a galloping banquet,
For you made haste: I do dream certainly,
There's no sence nor reason in any thing they do.

4 *Lord.* You know your place,
The Mask will streight begin; and his Grace will not
Have any one admitted: he resolves,
If the conceipt affects him, it shall be
Perform'd at Court hereafter: i'th' mean time
He does command all privacie; they are
Some set to guard the door, but your care must
Provide his Highness be not interrupted:
Hark, they are rude already——— *Exit.*

Hor. Let me alone:
What turbulent knave is that?

within. I am a Country-Gentleman, sir *Gyles*;
And if I may presume upon good cloaths,
You may before his Grace call me your Cozen,
And not be asham'd: here is a Lady too.

Hor. A Lady too? is she with child? what makes she
Here, and she be with child already? I
Tell thee, none such shall be admitted while
I am in place——More rapping?——Keep the doors,
If I do fall a swearing once, look to't.

within. I beseech you for my wives sake.

Hor. Thy wives?
What's he that pleads in *forma pauperis?*

within. A Citizen, and like me.

Hor. Like me? thou lieſt, I am more like a Lord,
Thou sha't fare ne'er the better for that word:
Knock down the women, if there be a hundred,
And make their husbands drunk, the guard are lazie:
These womens insolence will force a statute:
I will petition to the Prince my self,
They may have liberty but once a year
To see the galliefoyst, then be confin'd
To their chamber and one 'Prentise——— Yet again?

within. Sir *Gyles*, sir, *Gyles*, you know me well enough.

Hor. But while I am in office, I know no body.

within. I am your Scrivener.

Hor. Draw the purse wherein

Thou keptſt thy ears, and leave 'em at the door,
The guard truſts none without a pawn; they'll ſerve
If they be ne'er redeem'd, to ſeeth in milk
For a ſore throat.

Within. Sir *Gyles*, here is your Neece.

Hor. My Neece! the devil ſhe is.

Neece. Within. Pray Unckle let me in.

Enter Servant.

Hor. Her very voice——Ha, open the doors there:
Where is ſhe?

Ser. Whom?

Hor. My Neece that call'd me?

Ser. None call'd, nor was there any women here.

Hor. No, nor my Scrivener, bawling out ſir *Gyles*?

Ser. Not any nam'd your worſhip.

Hor. Then I dream,
And I am a fool to make a queſtion on't.—— *Exit Servant.*

Within. Ha, ha, ha.

Hor. The Knaves laugh at me too; but let 'em: I
Shall be as merry with this tale to morrow. *Flouriſh.*
What fancies men have in their ſleep ſometimes!
His Highneſs! where be the Ladies?

Enter Lambert, Poldavis and atttendants.

Pol. They are all i'th' Mask.

Hor. Nay, no matter where; why do I ask the queſtion?

Pol. You'll ſee them, ſir, anon. *Poldavis gives papers to*
Wilt pleaſe your Grace, *Lambert and ſir Gyles.*
And you, ſir *Gyles*, the ſubject of the Mask?

Hor. What's here? *The three Goddeſſes Contention for the Golden Ball.* *Dance.*

Enter Playfaire in his own apparel: He dances with a golden Ball in his hand.

Hor. This is *Paris*, ha! I have ſeen that face before now.

Enter Juno, Pallas and Venus.

Hor. Theſe are the three Goddeſſes.

Lam. *Juno*, *Pallas* and *Venus*.

The

The Goddesses dance, and court Paris for his Ball: To Juno enters one like a King; She takes off his Crown, and offereth it to Paris: he accepts not.

Hor. *Juno* doth woo him with her State and Kingdom.
Lam. But he refuses.

To Pallas enters one like a Souldier, plum'd and rich: She presents him to Paris, with a book; he refuses.

Lam. He is not for her service, though she offer
To make him Scholar and a Souldier,
A compleat man.
Hor. That Fairy wins the Ball.

To Venus comes Cupid, leading in Hornets Neece, richly drest.

Hor. Ha! that is my Neece.
Pol. Which, sir *Gyles?*
Hor. That Lady whom Dame *Venus* and her brat are busie withal.
Pol. Contain your self, sir *Gyles*, that is the Bride.
Hor. The Bride quotha!
Pol. Married this morning.

Paris gives Venus the Ball: Juno, Pallas, King and Souldier.—— Exeunt Maskquers.

Hor. These are my keys; she's safe enough at home,
And has but half her wits, as I remember:
The devil cannot juggle her from my custody: Ha, ha,
I do dream still.
Lam. 'Tis time to break off sports: how like you this, Sir *Gyles?*
Hor. A very pretty dream.
Lam. I see you wo'd be abed, you are not us'd to such late hours.
Pol. Lights for his Highness.
Hor. I humbly beg your licence,
I may return to my old lodging.

Lam. Well sir, 'tis easily granted.—— *Flourish.*
Exit Lambert and attendants.

Pol. Lights for sir *Gyles*, one shall attend you home.

Hor. Ha, ha, ha.

Pol. Why do you laugh?

Hor. At a conceipt, at a conceipt:
What did *I* eat last night, to make me dream thus?— *Exeunt.*

Finis Actus Quartus.

Actus Quintus.

Enter Hartwel, Country-Gentleman, Servant and Officers.

Hart. YOu have done well.

Coun. VVould you had done no worse:
These are his cloaths, and you must give account
How you came by 'em, and produce him safe,
Ere you acquit your self: we may suspect
You have kill'd him.

Hart. Then I obey my destiny:
Justice will still pursue the guilty person;
Dispose me where you please.

Ser. He does confess.

Hart. What ere you be, you can but have my life
For his; all your revenge can reach no higher,
And to the law *I* yeild my self.

Coun. My hopes are
Cold as his blood whom thou hast slain: thou hast
Been cruel in this act, to me and mine,
VVhose fames in him are miserably wounded;
But look for the reward.

Hart. I must expect it:
In the mean time, I wo'not beg your mercy;
Life is a burden I would fain be rid of,

Does

Does weary me to carry it.
Ser. I'll acquaint
My Miſtreſs.
Coun. Do ſo: to the next juſtice with him,
Come away.——— *Exit.*

Enter Hornet.

Hor. She's gone; ſhe's gone, *I* ſhall run mad: my Neece,
Rob'd of three thouſand pounds in her eſcape;
And yet the doors were ſafe: ſome witch has taught her,
Or ſome French boy, to clime a chimney; elſe
I cannot think which way ſhe is convey'd:
I find too late, I am awake and gul'd,
Nor know I whom to accuſe for my tormentors,
Devils or men; but ſure they were not men,
But very fiends I revell'd with laſt night:
Though mortals want no malice, they have not art
To undo me of this faſhion: Oh that I
Knew where to meet the prince of devils knighted me;
The Poets call him *Pluto*, god of riches;
I and my learned counſel would undo him
In law, in very law, which he ſhould find
Hotter ere I had done, then hell it ſelf,
And call his place of torments in three terms,
But a refreſhing to't: yet let me ſee,
I have her portion ſtill, though ſhe be vaniſht;
That's better then my Neece; but if ſhe marry,
I looſe it all; there, there is the vexation.

Enter Lambert.

Lam. Save Maſter *Hornet.*
Hor. 'Tis too late, away,
I do not love unneceſſary complement.
Lam. This he?
Hor. Yes I am he, am I not very fine?
What do you think this trim will coſt me? ha!
Three thouſand pound, no more.
Lam. The broker wo'not
Lend half the mony.
Hor. Will you, ſir, be gone?
I have no money to lend now; it is not
You know in faſhion, with rich cloaths.
Lam. I am

For

For other purpoſe, and with news perhaps
You would be willing to receive; you have
A Neece.——
Hor. No, ſuch a creature was in my poſſeſſion:
Do you know where ſhe is?
Lam. I imagine.
Hor. Ha! good Maſter *Lambert*, on, pray forward;
You ſhall have mony upon good ſecurity.
Lam. I thank you ſir, for nothing; I owe you
Too much already, on theſe terms.
Hor. My Neece,
As you were ſaying.
Lam. Were you knighted lately?
Hor. Ha! is that talk abroad?
Lam. No general rumour; by a chance *I* came
Where ſuch a thing was whiſper'd, only whiſper'd,
Juſt as he was deſcrib'd: in my opinion
Y'are very handſome, and do look as like.——
Hor. An aſs.
Lam. VVhy you ſhall have it, ſir.
Hor. But touching
My Neece, good ſir, that moſt ungratious giglot,
That's run or ſtolen away, juggled laſt night
Out of my doors.
Lam. Did ſhe not leap the Caſement?
Hor. Do not encreaſe my agonie, you came.—
Lam. With civil meaning to diſcover how
You may be abus'd.
Hor. VVhat mony do you want, ſir?
Your own bond ſhall ſuffice.
Lam. I have forſworn
Writing my name, or mark; but I can tell you.——
Hor. Where I may finde this Girl?
Lam. More I can do,
If need require; 'tis in my power to give
Her back to your poſſeſſion, and I am willing.
Hor. An honeſt man.
Lam. On reaſonable conditions,
And ſuch as ſhall not trench on borrowing mony.
Hor. Honeſter yet.
Lam. For you ſhall give it freely, and get by it:
Sir, you muſt underſtand, if I do this,
I ſhall betray a friend of mine, that has
Put me in truſt; one that intends to marry her,
D'ye mark? and get three thouſand pound upon her;

One

One that has lent me ſums too, without parchment,
Or fooliſh circumſtance to be return'd;
VVhich you were never yet ſo much a Chriſtian,
As to be guilty of, in your Uſurers Gallon
Of Conſcience-melting Sack: this deſerves ſomething,
'Tis part of my revenew: younger brothers
Are glad of penſion; it helps to tooke
At Ordinaries, and pay trifling reckonings, that
Ariſe to a bill or tedious circumſtance
Of cleer Orphographie, for Cock and Mallard,
VVhich puts the Bar-boy to Arithmetick,
Becauſe ſome expedition is required;
You have a bond of mine.

Hor. For fifty pounds.

Lam. I had but forty, and the Scrivener paid;
VVith whom your worſhip too perhaps divided:
If you remember, there were pretious dinners,
Ere I could count the chickens all together;
Which was your thrift and my expence: you ſhall
Firſt cancel that bond; nay this wo'not do't,
And give, d'ye mark? give me a hundred pieces,
Perhaps I'll drink your health; this ſhall betray
Your Neece again, give her into your hands,
Though for my treachery I be ſung in ballads,
And have the Town-curſe, if I ever marry,
To ſhew my wife can graft well.

Hor. 'Tis too much,
For no more labour, ſir.

Lam. If you conſider,
Two hundred will not bring me to't again:
Thus fair I'll deal with ye, I'll not have a croſs
Till I have don't, but then I will be ſure on't:
Fetch, fetch the buſineſs.

Hor. The bond is ready.

Lam. I will have ready mony too, you have
Bags of all ſizes, and denominations;
Thoſe things do promiſe well,
Now I attend you.

Hor. Do this feat for me, and 'tis all thine own.——*Exeunt.*

Enter Juſtice, Playfaire, his Brother, Neece.

Juſt. Now we may wiſh you joy, the Prieſt hath tyed
That knot, no ſubtlety nor malice can
Diſſolve; and I repent not I have been

An

An actor in your Comedy; though I should not
Be temped easily to such another
Engagement: for your sake, I have dispenc'd with
My person and my place.
Play. You were always
My loving Unkle.
Neece. Sir, you have in this
Deserv'd our lives and fortunes.
Bro. I have plaid
My part too.
Play. Thou hast shewed thy self a Doctor,
VVhich shall be a happy *Omen* to thy studies.
Bro. I have shew'd my self a Brother, sir.
Neece. That name
I must know often too.
Bro. Most happy in
A vertuous Sister, I congratulate
Again your wish'd enlargement, and the meeting
Of both your loving hearts.
Play. It was good mirth,
To hear him confident all our device
VVas but a dream.
Just. He is awake by this time,
Should *Lambert* fail, we'll have another way
To invite him; and if honestie prevail not,
Force shame, till he consent.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Some offenders, sir,
Are brought to be examined.
Just. Nephew, withdraw, with your fair Bride; these troubles
Are incident to my place, I'll soon dispatch 'em.——
Exit Playfaire, Brother, Neece and Servant.

Enter Hartwel, Country-Gentleman and Officers.

Just. How now, my Masters; Master *Hartwel?* ha!
Har. Look on me, sir, as a delinquent: these
Are able to accuse me.
Just. VVhat's his offence?
Coun. Nothing but killing of a man.
Just. VVhat proof?
Coun. He has confest it, sir.

Enter

Enter Mistress Bellamy and Frances.

Just. Mistress *Bellamy*,
Y'are come in a sad time; here's Master *Hartwel*
Accus'd for killing.——
Bel. 'Tis not possible:
Good sir, believe it not.
Just. He does confess.
Hart. I am not worth your pity, gentle Lady:
In vain *I* should extenuate my fact,
To save the trouble of examinations;
Here I confess again my hand is guilty
Of killing him, whose feeble arm durst not
Lift up a weapon to defend himself.
Just. That was not manly.
Hart. I but slew a coward so,
Startup; and could *I* call his life again,
I should as soon destroy it; you perhaps
Know not my provocations; he was
My Rival, sir: pardon me, Mistress *Bellamy*,
To whom I only seem'd a proselyte
In love: I had no heart to give from her;
And in my study to decline your anger,
I fell upon her scorn; which in a few minutes
Engag'd me to this fate: nor am I troubled,
That I must die; when she upon whose faith
I durst have laid the hopes of my eternity,
Hath violated all the trust of woman.
Coun. Will't please you, sir?
Just. Forbear a little.
Hart. Tell me, thou most unkind, if thou durst love
At all; how couldst thou think I could be such
A desperate Atheist, that thou so soon,
With so strange Apostacie, should'st revenge it?
These swelling drops, which in thy innocence
Might have prevail'd to have restor'd the dead,
Heaven now doth look on, and despise; and though
Thou shed moist tribute on this tomb, 't shall slide
Neglected on the marble, and be lost;
As if the stone had sence, to punish thy
Disdain of me; I can behold thee weeping,
And not be mov'd to wish I were not guilty
Of killing him, whose love had been thy tryumph;
And I dare boldly still stand in the contempt

Of what I am to ſuffer, and the juſtice
Of my own truth: challenge thy ſoul to anſwer,
In what I was beneath that gaudy fool,
Excepting that he had more earth then I
To help his ſcale, which yet he may be in debt for
To his fathers ſins; alive he could not merit
One cold diſdain from thee; and dead, how comes it
He ſhould be worth thy tears? but let thy eyes
Chide this unruly ſorrow: dreſs thy cheeks
With thy freſh blood again, and let thy face
Open a book of ſmiles, in the aſſurance
I have not long to live: when I have numbred
A few ſad minutes, thou ſha't be reveng'd,
And I ſhall never trouble thee; if this
Be not enough, extend thy malice further,
And if thou find'ſt one man that lov'd me living,
Will honour this cold body with a grave,
Be cruel, and corrupt his charity:
So fare you well.

Fran. Yet you muſt ſtay and hear me.

Bel. He ſha'not ſuffer, if my friends or ſtate
Can purchaſe him a pardon: where's the body
Of him that's ſlain?

Coun. We know not, here is all
The free confeſſion of the fact.

Bel. This may
Proceed from diſcontents: life to ſome men
Is but their torment, in whoſe pain they will
As on the rack, often confeſs what never
Was in their thought.

Hart. Speak it again, and I
Dare promiſe thee to live.

Fran. My heart was ever
Conſtant, my mothers love was but thy tryal,
As mine, a ſeeming change in thy diſguiſe,
Applied by thy too tender apprehenſion;
The words were, I would chuſe my husband here:
But what will this avail us?

Hart. Maſter Juſtice, I here diſcharge you.

Juſt. How!

Hart. My joy obeys
No limits, I accus'd my ſelf unjuſtly:
Startup's alive.

Juſt. Where?

Hart. Nay I know not that:

My

My ſervant's with him; but if he have plaid
The hangman, ſtarv'd or ſmother'd him in a ditch,
I have made fair work.

Bel. This were a welcome truth.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, the Conſtable.

Juſt. I had rather it had been *Lambert* and the Uſurer.
But wait, and give me knowledge when they come.——

Exit Servant.

Enter Conſtable, Cloſe, Startup, Officers.

Conſt. Where's Maſter Juſtice?

Hart. Ha! 'tis he and *Cloſe*,
Then I am ſecure, your pardon and thy love.

Bel. You have it freely, and a mothers prayers
For both your happineſs.

Conſt. Pleaſe your worſhip, I have brought before you two vagrants that we took laſt night i'th' field, between one and two a clock in the morning; very ſuſpicious vagrants; and by my own authority, I condemn'd 'em becauſe it was late.

Star. Shall we be hang'd, *Cloſe*? we are condemn'd already.

Conſt. Coming this morning to the priſon, I found them drinking away ſorrow in double juggs, to the very ſtaggering of my authority: I beſeech your worſhip to draw a pair of Mittens for 'em both; for they deſerve to be made ſamplers, and whipt for the edification of the Common-wealth.

Hart. This is the Gentleman was kill'd, ſir.

Star. No, ſir,
Not kill'd outright, but I was almoſt ſtarv'd
With cold; theſe Gentlewomen know me,
And I ſhould know that hoſe and doublet;
Thoſe garments that you wear, I oft have ſeen.

Hart. Well ſaid *Jeronymo*.

Star. I was fain to borrow
Theſe of a priſoner, that lies in upon
A diamond.

Juſt. Officers you are diſcharg'd—— *Exit Officers.*

Star. And we too?

Juſt. Yes, and joy in every boſom.

Hart. *Cloſe*, you muſt know this Miſtreſs.

Star. How!

Hart. My wife, ſir.

Close. It is enough for you to know her, sir,
And me to acknowledge.
Coun. D'ye know me, sir?
Star. Yes, and your daughter too:
Who brought you to town?
Coun. And you shall right her.
Star. Is she grown crooked? pox on her, I know too well:
Peace, not a word more, I know your meaning,
Do not discredit me, and we'll steal down
And marry her, ere any be aware on't:
I wo'not stay to shift me, take no leave:
The jest will be, when I am in the Country,
How like an Ass he'll look on my apparel.——

Exit Startup and Coun.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Sir, Master *Lambert*, and if I be not
Mistaken, the Usurer *Hornet* very gallant.
Just. I must entreat your patience a while;
You'll meet with friends i'the next room.——

Exeunt: manet Justice.

Enter Lambert and Hornet.

Lam. Excuse
Our boldness, sir, this gentleman.
Just. I should know him:
Master *Hornet*, you are very welcome.
Hor. Good sir,
No ceremony, we are come to you
'Bout business: I have lost my Neece, and would
Know where she is.
Just. D'ye take me for a Wizzard?
Lam. With your favour, our desires are that you would
Be witness to a bargain, and receive
Some trifles, sir, in trust to be delivered
To me, if I restore his kinswoman.
Hor. Not else, on that condition I deposite
These hundred pieces and a bond; if he
Deliver me my Neece, they are his fraught;
If not, they call me owner.
Lam. Pardon, sir,
That I presume to bring this trouble to ye.
Just. 'Tis none at all.

Lam.

Lam. You sha'not expect long ;
So rest you merry.——— *Exit Lambert.*
Just. How fare you, sir ?
Hor. As you see, faln away an inch since morning ;
But this will physick me : if I possess
This harlotry again, I'll make her sure :
Trust not a woman, they have found the herb
To open locks, not brasen towers can hold 'em:
Or if they get not loose, they have the vertue
Of Load stones shut up in a box ; they'll draw
Customers to 'em ; nay being dead and buryed,
There is suspition they will break the grave ;
Which puts so many husbands to the charge
Of heavie stones, to keep their bad wives under.
Just. You are mov'd.
Hor. Oh Master Justice, you are honest :
I have been abus'd, so miserably cheated,
I am asham'd to think on't : stay, what Musick ?— *Musick.*
Ha ! 'tis my Neece ; the very, very same.

Enter Lambert and Neece.

Lam. There, sir, you have her, and the rest is mine.
Hor. Take it——And you shall go along with me.
Neece. How, Unkle !
A reveller ? you'll lead me a Coranto.
Hor. You shall dance homewards.

Enter Playfair and his Brother.

Play. What make you so familiar with my wife?
Hor. Ha ! wife ! is she married ?
Bro. 'Tis upon record,
I'll bring a Parson that shall take his oath on't.
Hor. Give me my bond and mony, Master Justice :
Where ? where ?
Lam. Here, but they are not to be recover'd
By law : I have a judgement, sir, against you.
Hor. You have conspir'd, to rob, cheat and undo me :
You shall be all Star-Chamber'd.
Neece. Sir, be calm, and hear us.
Hor. I'll hear nothing.
Play. Yes, you shall,
It will be necessary : I am bold,
Persuming on her favour to demand

A parcel of three thousand pound; the sum
Belongs to me by vertue of a marriage,
And I must have it.

Hor. Vertue of a marriage?

Just. I saw the Priest conjoyn their hands; he will
Deserve your love.

Lam. Perhaps you may continue
A thousand, or two thousand on security.

Hor. What persecution this?

Bro. Faith sir consider,
'Tis more safe to see her thus bestowed,
Then trust a Jury; if the Doctor had
Given her too much Opium, or purg'd
Her soul away, things might go worse: but I'll
Keep counsel.

Hor. So, so, have ye mortified me yet?

Lam. For your own sake, and as you are a true knight,
I'll tell no tales.

Enter Mistress Bellamy, Frances, Hartwel and Close.

Hor. Now have ye done?——The widow,
Not a word more: take her, I'll pay you, sir,
Three thousand pound to morrow: Noble widow,
You were in the first list to be invited;
My Neece I told you of, is married to
This worthy Gentleman.

Bel. You look like a bridegroom.

Hor. 'Tis in your power to make it good, what say you?
Shall we joyn issue?

Bel. I will never marry.

Hor. You are resolv'd, why so? come hither Nephew,
Sha't be my heir, I love thee for thy wit;
But charm thy friends, they do not laugh at me:
I'll be a knight too, if I live, and build
An Hospital for twenty more o'th' Order;
Which I'll reduce my self, out of the Suburbs,
In women's petticoats, and turn Squires again
To Whores, or Parasites to Noblemen,
For want of fit provision.

Play. An excellent
Foundation: but where's *Startup?*

Lam. Sunk, I think.

Hart. Never conjure for him: we are ingrateful to
Our bliss, for wasting of these pretious minutes,

Which

Which are so many ages, till the Church
Hath made us perfect.
Hor. Is there any more work
For the Priest? then give you joy beforehand,
And let us celebrate the day together.
Close. I am glad of your conversion, y'are the first
Jew, that in my remembrance has turn'd Christian.
Play. Walk on to joyes;
Twixt Love and Fortune, now th' accompts are even.
Hart. A chain of Hearts, and the first linck in Heaven.

Exeunt omnes

EPILOGUE.

THrough many hazards, Love hath found a way
For Friends to meet: good Omen to our Play.
If love hath brought you hither, Gentlemen,
Love will find out the way to come agen.
And we dare promise, if you relliſh theſe,
Our Loves ſhall find out other ways to pleaſe.

T. B.

FINIS.

There is lately Printed two excellent Comedies, entituled, *The Old Couple*: By *Thomas May* Esquire.
The City-Night-Cap, or *Crede quod habes & habes*. By *Robert Davenport*.
Both these, with variety of other Playes, are to be sold by *Samuel Speed*, at the Printing Press in St. *Pauls* Church-Yard. 1661.